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This book a world is; here is recorded a nation's hopes, a world's
expectations; its achievements, its failures; its dreams and aspirations;
and as you read it, remember the world it is--a high school world.

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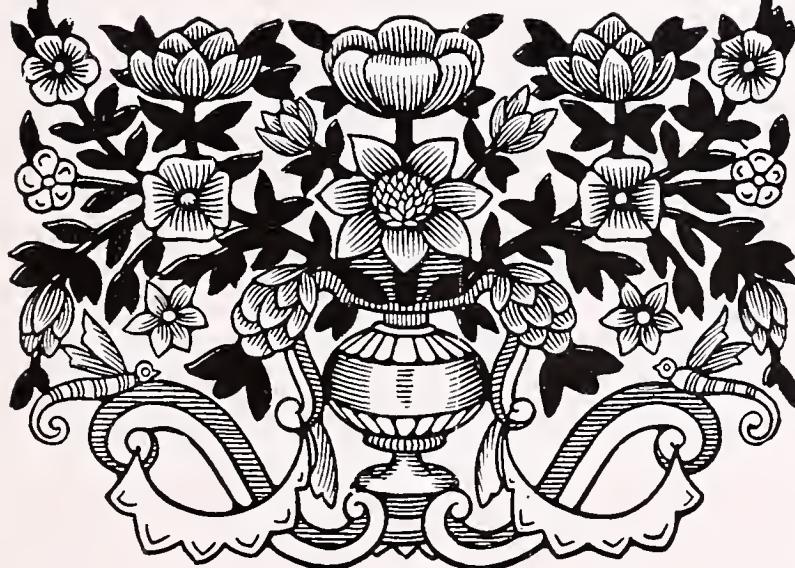
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This book a world is; here is recorded a world's hopes, a world's disappointments; its achievements, its failures; its dreams and aspirations; and as you read it, remember the world it is--a high school world.

Olla Podrida
Published at
Berkeley, Calif.
By the
Senior Class
of the
High School
December, 1910



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This, the final Olla Podrida
of the Class of December, 1910
is respectfully dedicated to
Mr. W. J. Cooper



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Mr. W. J. Cooper



Principal Gilbert N. Brink



Character

By Gilbert N. Brink, Principal

CHARACTER is more than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think. Goodness outshines genius, as the sun makes the electric light cast a shadow.”—Emerson.

Newell Dwight Hills, a vigorous thinker and gifted writer of our times, one whose words have much of inspiration in them, says: “Life’s own task is the making of manhood. Our world is a college, events are teachers, happiness is the graduating. Character is the diploma God gives man.”

As the noon hour approaches, the officers of ships at sea may be seen standing on the bridge with sextant in hand, taking observations to determine just where they are, in order that they may be able to set anew the course for their port. It is well for us in the middle of our day to take observations to determine where we are, to enable us to set anew our course to the realizations of our ideals.

There are at least three factors which contribute to bring a ship to her position. The first is in the ship itself—the variation of its needle. The second is its surroundings—ocean, currents, storm-driven seas, or the calm and quiet of the great ocean at rest. The third is the captain himself, who, knowing the ship’s destination, has fixed its course and directed its helm. Likewise, there are at least three factors which determine one’s character. The first is within us. We call it heredity. The second is the life and conditions about us. We call it environment; and the third is the personal choice we ourselves make.

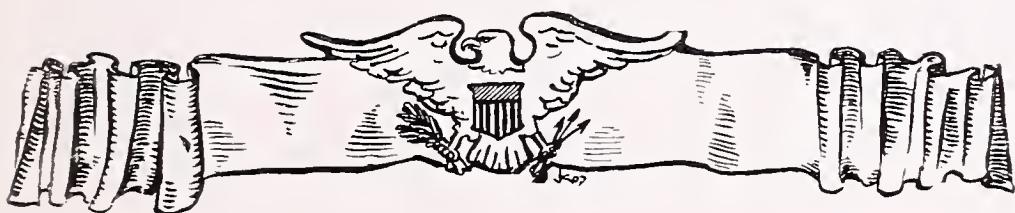
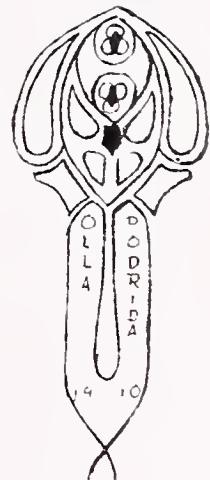
The ship can shape its course so as to offset the variation of the needle. We can overcome our handicaps of heredity. The ship, in spite of the broad-flowing currents through which it passes, still points its prow toward the haven for which it is bound. So, though hard pressed by an unfavor-

able environment, though hemmed in on all sides by the mean and sordid, by that which is neither honest nor clean, we can rise above these things and hold our course true.

The ship is held to her course by the captain's will. So we, by the exercise of sufficient will power, can hold ourselves to our best ideals and achieve what Hills calls the God-given diploma—Character.

Horace Greely, broken by unrealized hopes and unsatisfied ambitions, said when dying, "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer today will curse tomorrow, only one thing endures—Character."

James Russell Lowell well says, "After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that."



FACULTY

PRINCIPAL

Gilbert N. Brink, D.B., A.M., A.B.	-	-	-	Pacific Theological Seminary, D.B.
-	-	-	-	Pomona College, A.M., A.B.

VICE-PRINCIPAL

Wellyn B. Clark, A.B. (Mathematics)	-	Stanford
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ANCIENT LANGUAGES

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Paul McD. Kerr, A.B.	-	-	-	Toronto University
L. R. Smith, A.B.	-	-	-	Princeton

MODERN LANGUAGES

Elsie Wartenweiler, Ph. B.	-	-	-	California
Hester P. Tefft, A.B.	-	-	-	Cornell
Mabel E. Palmer, B.L.	-	-	-	California
Amelia H. Newmark, B.L.	-	-	-	California
Mrs. Louise N. Howard, Ph.D.	-	-	-	California

ENGLISH

Helen W. Curtis, B.L.	-	-	-	-	California
Lillie J. Hamlin	-	-	-	-	-
Gertrude Henderson, B.L.	-	-	-	-	California
Grace L. Henley, Ph. B.	-	-	-	-	California
Fannie W. McLean, B.L.	-	-	-	-	California
Mrs. Eva M. Stone, B.L.	-	-	-	-	California

COMMERCIAL

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H. E. Longnecker, M.S., M.C.S.,	Ohio Northern University				
Lisbeth Day, B.S.	-	-	Minnesota State Normal		

DRAWING

Belle Clisbee - - - - - Chicago

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Mary G. Maxwell, B.L. - - - - California

Clifford E. Lowell, A.B. - - - - Bowdoin College

MECHANICAL ARTS

C. S. Evans - - - - - Washington

E. B. Ellis - - - - - - - - -

Ferdinand Shraadt, A.B., M.A. - - - - California

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Lucy A. Thomas - - - Teachers College, Columbia

DOMESTIC ART

Miss S. C. Johnson - - - - - Columbia

MATHEMATICS

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Rachel Brockman, A.B. - - Drury College, Mo.

Belva Dix, B. S. - - Denison University, Ohio

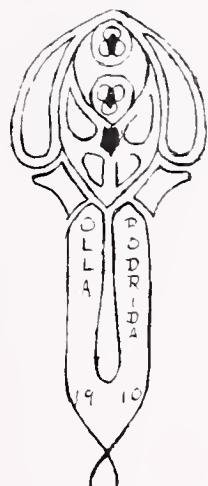
Laura J. Frank, A.B. - - - - - California

William Wirt, A.B. - - - - - Stanford

SCIENCE

Charles Danforth, B.S. - - - - - Chicago

George C. Barton, A.B. - - - - - Stanford





By Lucile Batdorf

After reading this, the history of the Class of December, nineteen hundred and ten, there will be no doubt in your minds that we are an unusual and brilliant class. And, indeed, we may well be, for there are represented among us the courteous Kentuckian, the long and lanky Hoosier, the web-footed Oregonian, Doubting Thomas from Missouri, and, last but not least, the Native Son of the Golden West. With such a varied membership, is it any wonder that great talent has been shown among our number?

The first and second years of our High School life passed uneventfully enough, with only two prominent affairs—the organization of our class, under the leadership of Miss Maxwell, in our "scrub" year; and the Junior dance in our second year. But we cherished, nevertheless, thoughts of our own importance, although we were too timid to give them expression.

By our Middle year we had learned the art of "cutting" and "bluffing," and had dipped into the rather doubtful pleasures of "horseback riding." At last we had found our niche, and had slipped into the routine of work. We were waiting impatiently to enter our Senior year, thinking how important we would be, and of the admiration to be offered us by the poor unfortunates lower down.

But alas! we found much bitter with the sweet. True, some people were as respectful as we had wished, but our

persons were not regarded as sacred in the eyes of our much-loved faculty, who never hesitated to express their opinion concerning an unlearned lesson, or a late paper. Indeed, we mournfully and reluctantly came to the conclusion that more, not less was expected of us.

But now for the sweet. In our Low Senior term we gave a reception and dance to the out-going class, which was a great success. In this, our last term, one event stands out before all the rest, the presentation of that worthy play, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." We may well sit comfortably back, and dare any class to do better, and, I should say, as well! It was a help also, for now we can quote lines and lines of Shakespeare in a most impressive manner, and look as though we know a great more than we care to say.

We were given a reception by the present Low Senior class—a most enjoyable affair, and also by the Greek Club; we High Senior girls had a jinks of our own, which was a most comfortable affair where we could do as we pleased; and then the class made merry at the home of one of our members. The last event of the term is to be the Senior ball, given in the Town and Gown clubhouse, which will be a most fitting ending for the social pleasures of the term.

Soon we will no more be a part of the Berkeley High School, but will be scattered far and wide, each and every one preparing for the chosen life work. All will carry away a delightful memory of the four years spent within these walls, and will envy the lucky ones, perhaps, who find it necessary to graduate with the class of next June.



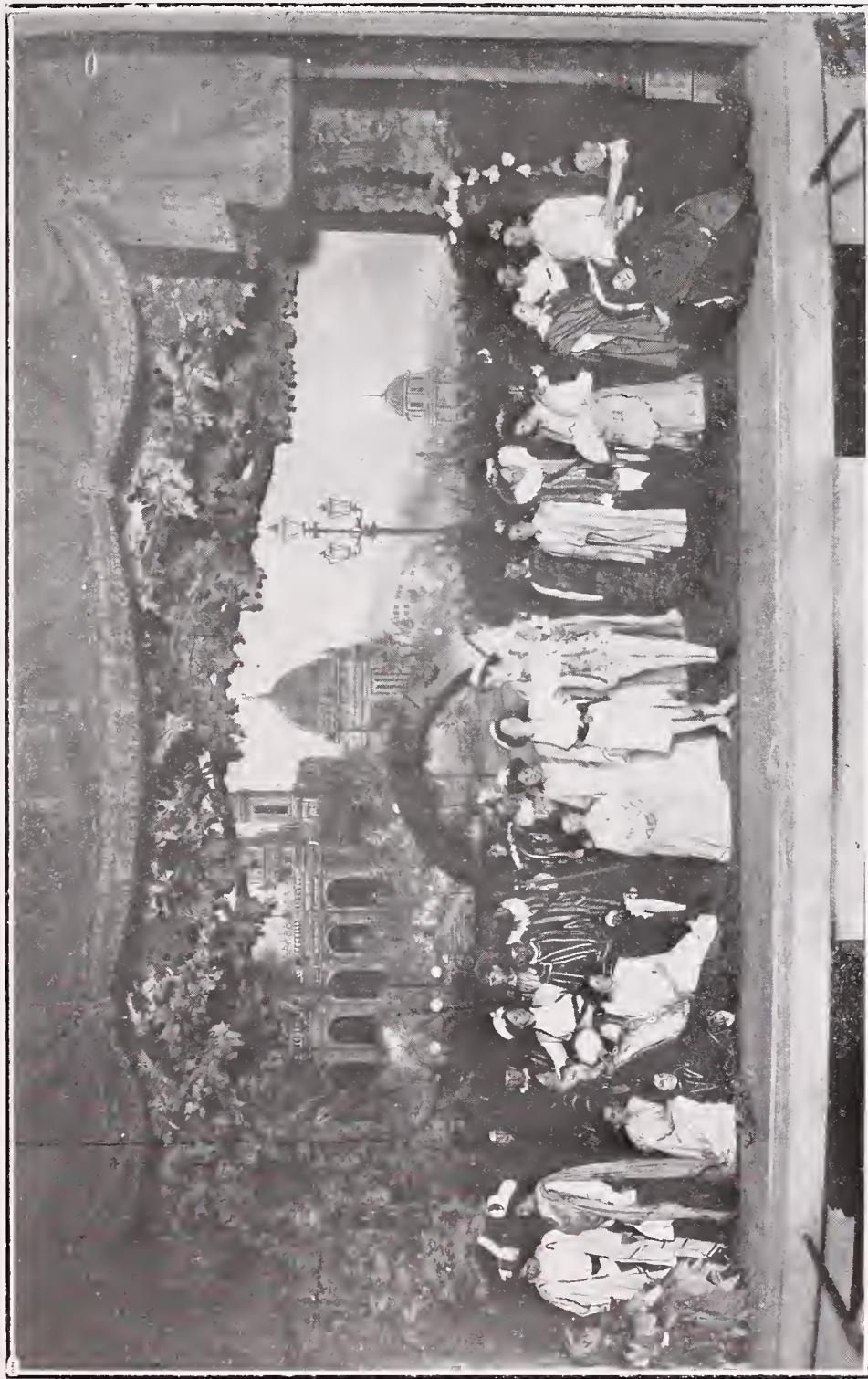


THE fact that Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" has been successfully presented by graduating classes, assures us that it is well adapted for that purpose. It is a comedy full of delightful situations wherein the talents of a large number of the students may be effectively displayed, and furthermore, it cultivates within the school a taste for that which is highest and best in literature and drama.

Great credit is due the present High Senior class for the manner in which they labored to make this production a success. The nature of the play itself is such that the first act is inclined to drag, and this may explain any criticism upon the management. It is not to be expected that an amateur performance should compare with one of professional talent, but in the present instance the acting was all that could be desired. Among the girls Miss Mabel Button as Viola, and Miss Marjorie Parker as Feste, showed exceptional ability: but it would be a difficult task to enumerate the merits of the individual players, since one and all combined to make their performance an undoubted success.

Synopsis

The Duke Orsino was in love with Olivia. She did not return his affections, and was in mourning for her dead brother. Sebastian and Viola, twins, are shipwrecked off the coast; each was rescued, but thought the other dead. Viola, disguised as a man, Cesario, takes service with the Duke. In the meantime, Olivia, who was betrothed to Sebastian, is



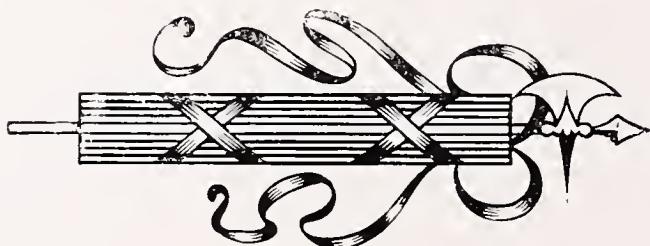
CONCLUDING SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"



much distressed with the actions of Cesario, whom she thinks is Sebastian. During this period Cesario falls in love with the Duke. The Duke sends Cesario to press his suit with Olivia. Malvolio, Olivia's steward, provides much sport for Sir Toby, Olivia's uncle, and Sir Andrew, a suitor of Olivia. Antonio, who rescued Sebastian, appears and mistakes Cesario for Sebastian. Sebastian then appears and claims Olivia. Viola declares herself, and the Duke takes her as his bride.

Dramatis Personae

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.....	Eric Lawson
Malvolio, Steward to Olivia.....	Gustav Moller
Sir Toby Belch, Uncle to Olivia.....	Percy Crane
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	Richard Minor
Sebastian, Brother of Viola.....	Kate Smith
Antonio, a Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian..	Andrew Davis
Feste, the Clown.....	Marjorie Parker
Fabian	George Judd
Valentine	Leona Young
Curio	Robert Schaeffer
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.....	Robert Randal
Viola, in love with the Duke.....	Mabel Button
Olivia, a rich Countess.....	Lucile Batdorf
Maria, Olivia's woman	Hazel Ray
Priest	Harold Miller





Senior Ball

TOWN AND GOWN HALL

Tuesday, December 20

FLOOR MANAGER - GUSTAV MOLLER

ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE

ALVAH CONKLIN - - - Chairman
RUTH GRIFFITH GEORGE JUDD

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

HAZEL RAY
LUCILE BATDORF
MABEL BUTTON
PERCY CRANE
ANDREW DAVIS

DECORATION COMMITTEE

CECILE BILLUPS
Chairman
LEONA YOUNG
EDITH PHILLIPS
RICHARD MINOR

GRADUATION EXERCISES

S.E. ADEN -

1. Music—"Under the Double Eagle" - - Wagner
2. Invocation - - - - Rev. E. L. Parsons, D.D.
3. Address—"Ideals" - - - Gustav Moller
4. Opening Chorus, Act. III, "Love Tales from Hoffman"
5. Address - - - Hon. Beverly Hodghead
Mayor of Berkeley
6. "War March of the Priests" - - Mendelssohn
7. Presentation of the Class - - Principal Brink
8. Presentation of Diplomas - - Mr. Roy J. Young
President of the Board of Education
9. "Hail, Berkeley High" - - High School Glee Club
10. Benediction - - - Rev. E. L. Parsons, D.D.





Ye old time High School of long ago



GRADUATES



GUSTAV MOLLER

Berkeley Scientific
Class secretary June '10;
Class president Dec. '10; Cast
Senior play; Floor manager
Senior ball.

RUTH SCHAEFFER

Tia Juana, Cal. Social Science
Cast Senior play; Class vice-
president Dec. '10.

CECILE BILLUPS

Ft. Bidwell, Cal. Social Science
Class secretary, Dec. '10;
Decoration committee Senior
Ball.

ARTHUR W. CHRISTIE

San Francisco Agriculture
Class president '07; Chief
Musician band '09, '10; Tennis
manager '10; Pod staff
'10; Class treasurer '10; Class
editor Final Pod; Executive
board '10; Director orchestra
Senior play.



BARCLAY G. ANDERSON
Montana Engineering

LAYSON ATKINS
Oroville, Cal. General
Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy '07, '08.

ROYAL ROLAN BARONIDIS
Berkeley, Cal. Literary

LUCILE BATDORF
Mechanisvile, Ia. Social Science
Class secretary '07; Vice-President Associated Students '10; Cast Senior play; Class historian; Executive board '10; Reception committee Senior ball.

HUGH D. BRUNK
Louisville, Ky. Social Science



MABEL E. BUTTON

Lucas, Kan. Social Science
Class secretary '08; Class vice-president '08, '09; Class president Spring '10; Secretary Associated Students '10; Cast Senior play; Reception committee Senior ball.

ALVAH P. CONKLIN

Berkeley, Cal. Agriculture
Class vice-president '08; Editorial staff Pod '09; Manager Pod '10; Manager Senior play; President Associated Students '10; Manager Senior ball.

MABEL H. COOMBS

Los Angeles. Social Science
Senior play.

JOHN CORGIAT, JR.

Roslyn, Wash. Law
Broadway High, Seattle, '06,
'07; Mt. Angel College '08, '09;
Football team '10.

PERCY L. CRANE

Woodland, Cal. Scientific
Oakland Poly. '07; Fresno High '07, '08; Football team '10; Wearer of "B"; Cast Senior play; Class Prophecy committee; Senior Jinks committee; Reception committee Senior ball.



ANDREW M. DAVIS, JR.
Alameda General
Lick '07, '08; Band '09, '10;
Jinks committee; Cast Senior
play; Decoration committee Se-
nior ball.

MARTHA E. GIBBS
Ridgeway, Colo. Literary
Ogden High School '06, '07,
'08, '09; Senior play.

THEODORE GRADY, JR.
Berkeley, Cal. Medicine
Forum '07, '08, '09, '10; Pres-
ident Forum '10; Senior play;
Alternate Debating team '08,
'09; Pod staff '09, '10.

RUTH GRIFFITH
San Jose Social Science
West Lake School for Girls;
Arrangement committee Se-
nior ball.

RENE GUILLOU
Hueneme, Cal. Mechanics
French club president '10.



LOUISE W. HORITZ
Roanoke, Va. Literary

VERA M. HOWARD
San Bernardino, Social Science
Low Senior dance '09; Low
Senior reception '09.

LE ROY PHILIP HUNT
Newark, N. J. Heientific
Class secretary '07; Swimming
team '08, '09; Swimming
manager '09; Floor manager
Low Senior reception '09; Manager
Senior show Spring '10;
Cast Senior show Sprin '10;
Yell-leader '10; Football team
'08, '09, '10; Captain Football
team '10; Wearer of "B".

ROSALENA JEPSEN
Butte City, Cal. Literary

DAVID R. KILDUFF
Denver, Colo. Commerce
North Yarmouth Academy
'07, '08; Basketball team '10;
Basketball manager '10; Wear-
er of "B".



ARTHUR KRONQUIST
Astoria, Ore. Engineering

WM. ERIC LAWSON
Pacific Grove, Cal. Scientific
Monterey High '06, '08; Pod
staff '10; Cast Senior play;
Manager Senior play.

EUGENIA McCABE
Volta, Cal. Social Science
Holy Cross Academy '07, '08.

MARY McCURDY
San Francisco General

GRACE MEYLER
Susanville, Cal. General



RICHARD P. MINOR
Modesto, Cal. Law
Cast Senior play; Decoration committee Senior ball.

HAROLD D. MILLER
Ventura, Cal. Engineering
Class Treasurer June '10;
Cast Senior play.

ELSA MORROW
Seattle, Wash. General

MARJORIE V. PARKER
Selma, Cal. General
Agora '08, '09, '10; Girls' Debating team '09, '10; Cast Senior play; Prophecy committee; French club '10; Senior Reception committee '10.

ROBERT W. PENDEGAST
Woodland, Cal. Commerce
Olla Pod staff '09, '10; Athletic editor '10; Baseball manager '09, '10.



NELLIE I. PETERSON
Berkeley, Cal. Literary
Glee club '07; Senior play.

EDITH H. PHILLIPS
Santa Cruz, Cal. Agriculture
Senior play; Senior Jinks
committee; Decoration commit-
tee Senior ball.

PAUL M. POND
Kansas City, Mo. General
St. John's Military School
'06; Plattsburg High, N. Y.
'07, '08.
Senior play.

ROBERT S. RANDALL
Great Falls, Mont. Engineering
Football team '08, '10; wear-
er of "B"; Cast Senior play.

HAZEL RAY
Gualala, Cal. Literary



ELEANORE ROGERS
Seattle, Wash. Social Science

MAY L. SEARLS
Oakland, Cal. Social Science
Executive Board '10; Committee Low Senior dance; Oakland High '07; Jinks committee.

BERNICE SHAW
Nevada City. Social Science
Nevada City High School '07.

LETITIA SHEPARD
Los Angeles Literary

ALICE SHERFEY
Sacramento. General Science



WM. P. SMIDT
Berkeley, Cal. Agriculture

KATE SMITH
Sarcoxie, Missouri. General
Class secretary '09; Low Senior dance reception committee '10; Cast Senior play; French club '10; Athletic committee '10; Prophecy committee.

EDWIN S. THOMAS
San Bernardino. Social Science
Class president '09; Executive board '09; Vice-President Forum '10; Secretary Forum '10; Debating manager '10; Swimming team '10.

WILLIAM R. TREGEA
Modesto, Cal. Law
Executive board '09; Forum '07, '08, '09, '10; Greek club '10.

MARJORIE L. WIGGIN
Oakland Cal. Social Science
Class secretary '09; Senior play.



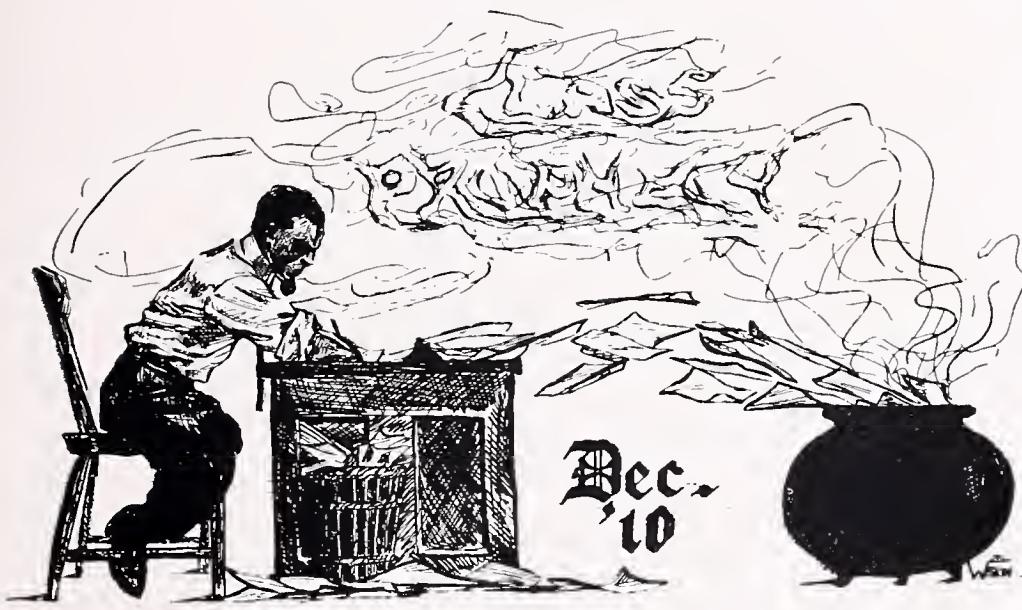
JOHN ABEEL WILLIAMSON
Indianapolis, Ind. General

EDNA B. WILSON
Colorado Sp'ngs. Social Science

G. DWIGHT WOOD
Cowensville, Can. Agriculture
Track team '09, '10; Captain
Track team '10. Wearer of
"B".

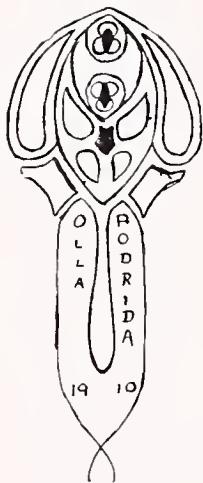
ELLA WRIGHT
San Francisco. Social Science

LEONA E. YOUNG
Alameda, Cal. Natural Science
Alameda High '07, '08; Com-
mittee Low Senior dance;
Class secretary '10; Cast Se-
nior play; Jinks committee;
Decoration committee Senior
ball.



IT WAS the year 1925 that the great liner *Panama* left New York harbor, bound for Berkeley via the Panama Canal. We were Chicago journalists, and our paper was sending us to Berkeley to obtain statistics of the great World's Fair, which had already been opened there.

The little figure standing on the pier waving to us grew indistinct and finally even the fluttering white handkerchief was lost to view. "Well, certainly our stay in New York was made more than pleasant by Marjorie, wasn't it," I said. "Yes, indeed, especially the 'eats,'" replied my companion with her cheerful grin. "Who would ever have thought of encountering Marjorie Wiggins in New York conducting a cooking school of that size," she added, as we turned and entered the salon. It was filled with a bevy of chattering people, in whose midst I recognized the portly person of Gustave Moller, now an eminent banker. I turned with an exclamation to tell my companion, but found her with eyes glued on someone in the crowd. "Look, there's Gustave Moller," I whispered. "And there's Lucile Batdorf," she returned. And



then our looks of amazement slowly vanished into expansive smiles as we realized the situation. "So that old romance had extended beyond school days, after all." We greeted our old friends with fervor, and learned with joy that they, too, were bound for Berkeley. Our conversation was broken off by the sound of the dinner gong which was the signal for us to prepare for dinner.

A pleasant-faced matron awaited us in our state room, and assisted us in our unpacking, saying that the stewardess, Miss Sherfey, had commended us to her special care. "What! Stewardess? Alice Sherfey?" we exclaimed. So this was the reason we had received such attention!

Hardly had we entered the salon, when our hands were seized and shaken vigorously, and there stood David Kilduff in the imposing dress uniform of ship's captain. After dinner, Captain Kilduff (as in due respect I must now refer to him), with a mysterious air sent the cabin-boy below to summon Engineer Anderson. The name awakened no memory, and not until its owner appeared did we know him to be another old schoolmate, Barclay Anderson.

The time was filled with pleasant reminiscing that it seemed but the passing of a few hours, before we reached Havana, our first port. While standing on the upper deck with Captain Kilduff, watching the confusion on the wharves, he pointed down to a man saying: "You know him, don't you?" "No," we replied, gazing blankly at him. "You remember Harold Miller, don't you? Well, that is he. He is one of the biggest shippers in Havana, although he doesn't live here. He has a large plantation on one of the smaller islands, which by the way is managed by John Corgiat." The mail appeared just at this moment, and of course there was a grand rush for it in which we joined. I laid aside my papers and it was not until the next day when we were nearing Panama that I had a chance to read them. As I scanned my home paper I saw an article on "Health Cul-

ture," by May Searls, a well known authority on that subject.

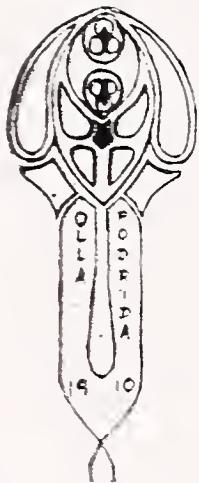
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The throb of its engines grew fainter as the great vessel entered the harbor of Panama. We were eager to visit the fort, which loomed dark and forbidding above us. We set off in company with the purser and soon entered the great fort gates. What was our amazement to find the commander of the fort to be no less a person than Major General Layson Atkins. After an extremely interesting visit we returned to the vessel, which was soon steaming through the canal.

Our next stop was Acupulco. As we stood watching the few passengers ascend the gangplank, I heard a voice behind me say, "I'd like to have that man's wealth. He is the owner of extensive plantations down here." I turned to observe the object of their attention, and with a start, recognized Niell Cornwall. One more was added to our gay group of old schoolmates, and so happily did the time pass that we saw the shores of San Diego, with regret, for we left the ship here and took train for the interior. Our destination was the Imperial Valley where we were to collect some "copy" on the work of several agriculturists, among whom was Arthur Christie. He had made a decided success of grafting (trees ?) on his immense ranch, and rendered us great assistance in our work. He accompanied us to the station when we left and pointed out the pretty parsonage in the town, where Arthur Kronquist officiated.

The trip to San Francisco was long and hot, and we welcomed with relief the stir and bustle that betokened our destination's nearness. I reached for my hat, while turning to answer a question of my companion. Suddenly a gust of wind tore it from my grasp, and carried it out the window, while I sat gazing helplessly at it. Deciding to replace it immediately, I secured the name of a milliner from a fellow traveler. When our train pulled in I asked my companion to call a taxi as I couldn't very well go through the streets





bareheaded. The chauffeur proved to be Alvah Conklin, whom we tipped with some embarrassment upon reaching the milliner's.

When we entered the proprietress came forward, and if it wasn't Bernice Shaw! We had a nice long chat about old times and old friends. Bernice invited us to a suffragette meeting, to be led by Edith Phillips. Among the ardent supporters of equal suffrage were also Martha Gibbs, Bessie Westcott, and Bessie Dunn.

"My old friends all shop here," she smiled. "And, of course you recollect Ruth Griffith. Well, she is one of the leaders of San Francisco's '400' now, and I have a great deal of patronage from her."

When we left, she accompanied us to the door, and pointed out the beauty parlors across the street, which was the establishment of Louise Houtz. Bernice told us that Paul Pond kept a cigar store at the ferry, but we failed to find it because our boat was about to leave.

I walked up and down outside to take advantage of the fresh breeze, while my companion sat inside buried in a newspaper. I glanced up to find her beckoning to me, so went inside. "What do you think?" she said. "I've found the names of a lot of our old schoolmates. Here's quite an article on the philanthropist, Ruth Schaeffer; she has just endowed a children's hospital, which is to be under the direction of Grace Meylert, who seems to have become deeply interested in charitable enterprises. And here, Rene Guillou, the California Senator, is quoted in regard to the proposed tariff. And over here in the ads. I found that of Hugh Brunk, Real Estate Broker.

I took the paper and the first thing my eye lighted on was a column headed, "Won Suit Against Berkeley Bee." Being a newspaper woman I was naturally interested, and reading it, found that two old friends had just ended a long legal battle. It seemed the Berkeley Bee, whose editor is Edwin Thomas, had printed some remarks about Robert Randall, the manager of the Anheuser-Busch Co., which that

worthy considered derogatory to himself and so sued the Berkeley Bee. He placed his case in the hands of his lawyer, Richard Minor, who finally won it with great success.

I was aroused by the jar of the boat as it entered the slip. We hurried into our train, which soon reached our station. We had gotten off, and the train had started up again, when a young woman rushed down the stairs. The rapidly increasing motion of the train caused her to stumble and fall heavily to the pavement. It was our suffragette friend, Martha Gibbs, and as she was alone, and appeared to be seriously hurt, it devolved upon us to take her where she could receive medical aid. Calling a cab, we were whirled to a hospital, where we found Ella Wright to be a nurse. We left our charge in the care of Ella and the capable house physician, Theodore Grady, and proceeded to our hotel.

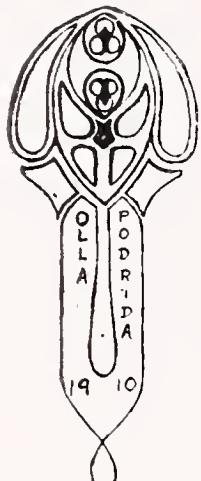
That evening we saw an excellent bill at the Orpheum which included the comedian Percy Crane, in a skit with Hazel Ray, entitled "The Morning After the Night Before." A young scrub reporter told us that they had been on the Orpheum circuit ever since their high schools days where they discovered their ability to act together, and that Cupid was quite busy in that direction.

The next morning we set out for the Fair grounds. Edna Wilson sold us our tickets at the gate, but I don't think she remembered us.

We first directed our steps toward the massive Forestry building, in which we were more deeply interested because we knew several of the people connected with it. Eric Lawson, who is a zealous worker in the Forestry Service, was the manager of this building. It had been designed by Nellie Peterson, the woman architect, and built by Contractor John Williamson.

Of course, we were especially interested in the Berkeley exhibits, even going so far as to examine the school display. Here we came across Rosalena Jepson's kindergarten pupils, and some really excellent drawings done by Vera Howard's grammar school pupils.





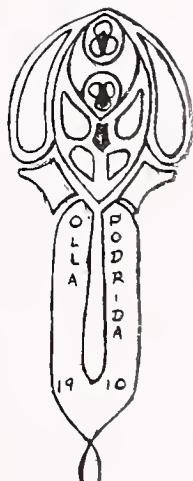
From afar came the sound of the band, and we strolled toward it, passing the peanut man, Royal Baronidis, on the way. It didn't need his smile to make us recognize the leader of the band to be Andrew Davis. Eugenia McCabe was there in the audience also. She is quite a globe-trotter now and had just returned from a visit to Mary McCurdy, the artist, in Paris. She told us that she had met Eleanor Rogers on a recent visit to Rome, where Eleanor is studying for the operatic stage.

We were to lunch with Mabel Coombs and found her quite disturbed because William Schmidt, the butcher, had not sent the meat. "That's the trouble of dealing with old friends," she stormed. "They always take advantage of you. William Tregea, his barber, always makes my husband wait the longest, and Dwight Wood, the haberdasher, always tries to sell him last year's styles in hats." While waiting for lunch, Mabel took us all through her lovely home. It had been beautifully finished inside by Cecile Billups, one of Berkeley's most successful interior decorators. The music room was especially artistic. She put on her phonograph several records sung by LeRoy Hunt, the popular Edison record singer.

Mabel couldn't accompany us to the Fair grounds in the afternoon, as she and a number of other club women were very busy securing pupils for Elsa Morrow's gymnastic school, so we decided to spend that afternoon getting more "copy."

The next few days were filled with athletic attractions. In the morning of one day there was a baseball game in which Captain Robert Pendegast's team was badly defeated. In the afternoon there was a golf match between Leona Young, California's golf champion, and an English girl, which we didn't see. We considered it a huge joke to find Olin Brown, standing on a raised platform over which was written, in great letters, "Olin, the Strong Man." We were watching the exhibition of his prowess when we were hailed by a gay voice,

and turning, beheld Mabel Button, or as she is better known, "The College Widow," accompanied by the usual number of admirers. "I learned of your being here through Mabel Coombs," she said. "When Mabel told me that Marjory Parker and Kate Smith were out here, I could hardly believe her. Girls," she added, "we must have a reunion! How long are you to be here?" Our faces fell as we remembered that we were to leave the next day. The next morning we were happily surprised by finding a number of friends at the station to see us off, as we left for Chicago, where we were to resume our duties on the staff of the "Chicago Daily." There was certain sadness in leaving and yet we were glad to have seen all the old friends of by-gone days, once more.





Literary



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To the Seniors

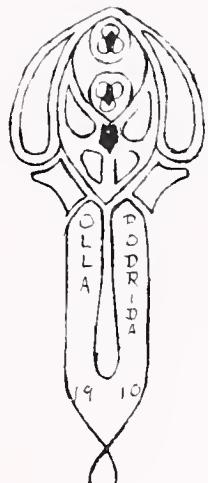
SENIORS, you are leaving us. I believe it is customary for the final editorial to give vent to a long page or two of tearful farewells. We speak in no cruel sense when we say that we do not feel called upon to do so. Sad as it may seem, your places will soon be taken by others, and it will not be long, in this transient, four-year stay in school, until you are forgotten.

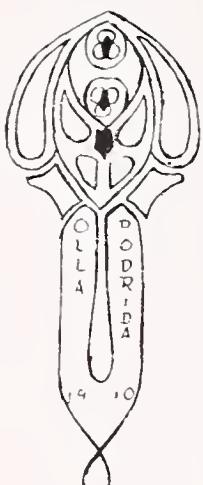
As you depart, some to college, some to the broader struggle of life itself, what is your thought? Have you mapped out a definite line of thought and chosen any watchword as a stimulus to future action?

Sheldon, head of the great school of salesmanship in the United States, gives his workers a motto which I think it would help every man and woman to adopt. The word is A-R-E-A.

A stands for ability. The complaint is often made that enough men of ability are not in active life today. These long years of school are for that purpose; they are so to train and stimulate and guide our thought that when we graduate we shall have the ability to carry on the serious and difficult fight for life and success. The school brings out that quality and, Seniors, as you go forth, think of the long years of preparation, and think it has so trained and brought out your abilities that you are ready for the broader life of college.

R stands for reliability. Brilliant, erratic men are not the ones who always succeed now days. The world needs men of honesty and integrity, and men who can be relied upon. Reliability! That is the key-word of success. The man, who, inspite of desires and temptations to do otherwise, keeps on in the straight and narrow path, and the man who can be relied on at any time and who can be thoroughly trusted, is the man who succeeds today. Remember this, and as you fight your way, never forget that to succeed you must be reliable.





E stands for energy; A stands for action. These two are inseparably coupled. Today is the day of the hustler. The man who sits back in his store and waits for customers to come to him; the lawyer who sits back in his office and waits for people to seek him, never succeeds as the man who realizes that competition is so very high that he must hustle to keep alive. "Let us then be up and doing," is an excellent platform to work upon. Work, and work hard. Success does not come unsought, and can only be achieved by diligent, earnest, conscientious action.

Now let us consider the word as a whole. Area! What channels of thought it opens out. This world is no place for the narrow-minded, or even more extreme, the bigot. Let us be broad-minded enough to respect other men, broad-minded enough to regard our fellow men with respect and love, and we are the better for it. High ideals, high standards of living, noble aspirations and ambitions; these constitute area. The medieval church lost its power because it was not broad enough to respect Protestantism; England lost the finest country in the world because she was too narrow minded to respect the rights of fellow men; shall you deprive yourself of success and respect because you are narrow-minded? No! I think not.

So, Seniors, as you go out, let this be your motto: Area. Ability, reliability, energy and action combine to make a noble character and make achievement of noble purpose possible, and, last of all, produce Area.



Launcelot and Elaine

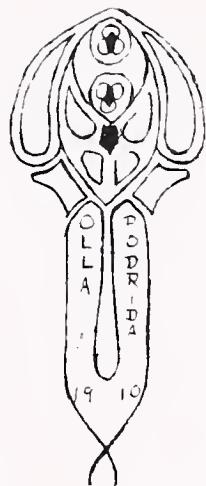
By Martha Gibbs

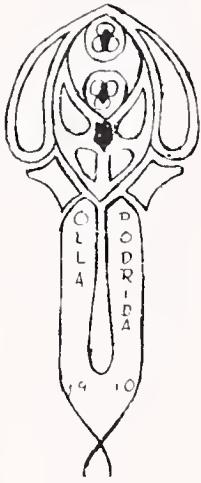
(*Winner of 2nd prize in Story Contest.*)

SILVER Brook is a nice college for girls, I'll have to admit, but they have some of the most ridiculous rules there. For instance, fancy having to sit for a solid thirty minutes in a stuffy little chapel on a beautiful summer day, and listen to a learned discussion on the "Salvation of China, Its Broad Field for Work," by the Hon. Josiah B. Craig, recently returned from the Orient. I didn't care a rap for the Hon. Josiah, and though I knew I'd probably be put on inner bounds, it was beyond human endurance, and I made skillful tracks for the brook with Tennyson under my arm.

O how delightfully cool it was, and how I pitied those poor girls back in that hot little chapel, martyrs to a rule. There was a big flat rock right at the edge of the water, where we girls used to study sometimes. Silver Brook played musically at its edge in a cold little torrent. A big willow, bending clear over the stream, shaded it, moss-covered it, and a graceful green fern, springing from a hollow in it, brushed against me. With a sigh of pure enjoyment I sank down on the moss and opened Tennyson at "Idylls of the King." I read and read for a long time, lost in the land of fair ladies and brave knights, and finally wound up with "Launcelot and Elaine."

I have a great deal of romance in me. I can scent a romantic situation when other people aren't quite sure who the heroine is going to be. Tom says I have a heart like a chocolate pudding, but small brothers haven't a bit of sympathy for romantic situations. But I sat there and commenced thinking how the lily maid felt when Launcelot couldn't love her, and life held nothing more for her. I thought I'd want to die, too, if I loved a man as she did Launcelot, in vain. How pale and beautiful she must have looked when she





floated down the stream with a lily and the letter in her hand. And I thought how nice it would be to die of love and float down a stream with my hair flowing out over rich tapestry. I'm nearly twenty-one, and I ought to have known better, but my romantic imagination gets the better of me, and though I had no barge or tapestry I actually undid my hair and lay down on that rock with the ends in the water. Then I took Tennyson in one hand, and the fern in the other, and crossed them over my shirtwaist and shut my eyes. Of course, the lily maid's white fingers didn't have ink on them from a leaky fountain pen, nor was her hair what Tom calls "like the explosion of an over-ripe tomato."

But those minor details didn't bother me, and I was actually beginning to feel nicely white and dead, and was wishing for a Launcelot to gaze regretfully upon me, when a cold chill ran up my back. I certainly believe in psychological sensations, for as I lay there with my eyes shut, I suddenly became perfectly certain that some one was looking at me. For about one second I really knew what it felt like to be dead, for I ceased to breathe entirely. Then my eyes popped open. Up I jumped, and splash went Tennyson into the brook.

Directly across from me stood a man, a young man, a handsome young man, his hands on his hips, his eyes half shut, and his mouth twitching in a desperate effort not to laugh. For about a minute I glared at him, my hair streaming around like an offended sunset, then I snapped out, "Laugh if you want to, but for pity's sake, fish Tennyson out. He isn't mine. I borrowed him from another girl."

He didn't say a word, just turned, lamb-like, and went after Tennyson, who was skipping merrily down stream on the crest of the wavelets. He took such a long time that I had time to do up my hair somewhat, and I forgave the suspicious shaking of his shoulders. As he returned with the book, I arose and prepared to meet him with dignity. He held out the book with a perfectly straight face and remarked, seriously:

"I was not aware that it was the custom of the young ladies of Silver Brook to indulge in individual charades."

For a minute I was speechless, my face growing scarlet, then the funny side of it struck me, and I giggled. That was too much for even his composure, and like two children we stood and laughed until the tears came.

"But how did you happen to be here at all?" he asked, when our emotion had subsided somewhat. "I thought there was a compulsory lecture at the chapel."

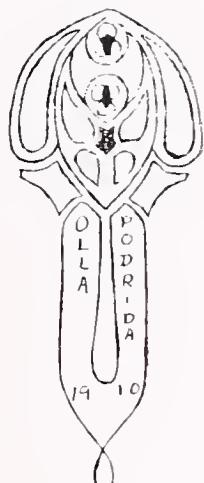
"There was," I replied, "but I didn't care for what the Hon. Josiah Somebody had to say about preserving Chinamen, so I escaped."

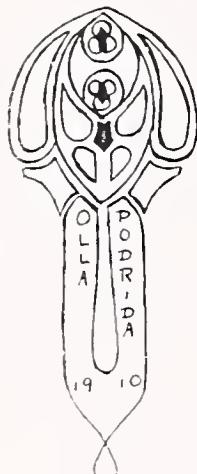
This seemed to tickle him mightily, and he began to laugh again. Then it began to dawn on me that I was standing, all alone, by myself, unchaperoned, with a handsome young man I'd never seen before, and that Dean Blanchard would have a fit if she knew, and as I was probably already on inner bounds, I prepared to take my departure. I was dying to know what lucky girl he was brother or caller to, and what he was doing there, but he had a certain air about him, for all his jolliness. Imagine the shock I received, then, when he asked in a calmly assuming way, if he might call that evening, without so much as a card. Shock number one. I was so surprised that I stammered a 'yes,' like a high school freshman, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving him standing on the rock.

When I reached my room I found Stella curled up reading the "Woman's Missionary Friend." She started to gabble about the lecture, but I cut her short. I had other things to think about, and my most becoming waist had to be taken out and freshened up.

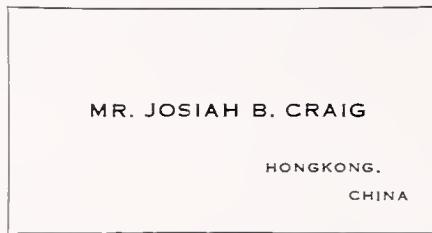
I felt a little bit guilty when I casually remarked to Dean Blanchard that I expected a caller that evening, for she is terribly particular. But Stella was curious and I had a bad half hour while I was dressing. But I'd have died rather than let her know I didn't even know my caller's name.

Though outwardly calm, I was a little flustered inside





when Marie knocked and said smilingly, 'A gentleman to see you, miss.' I took the card from the tray, but in my excited state was three steps from the bottom before I thought to look at it. Then I sat down suddenly and hard upon the stairs. Stupefied I re-read it:



Frantically, I recalled my words at the brook about the Hon. Josiah Somebody, and I leaned weakly against the bannisters for support. Heavens!

He must have heard me gasp, for presently the curtains of the reception room parted and out he came, and found me sitting ingloriously on the stairs. I tried to speak and this time he didn't even try to keep a straight face. One glance at my embarrassed countenance and he broke into a ha-ha that landed him on the stairs beside me in a perfect gale. I hustled him into the reception room, for I didn't know when some of the girls might come by, then I plunked down on the window seat and laughed too. It was a merry call.

"But elucidate," I said presently. "If you are the Hon. Josiah, why were you at the brook?"

"Why," he said, "I'm staying here for the night, and after my lecture I had to escape that crowd of gushing girls somehow, so the Dean directed me to the brook. The Dean's my aunt, you know."

Shock number three. No, I didn't know, and my face burned as I recalled the Dean's understanding smile when she granted the parlor to me for the evening. But he was so perfectly dear about it that I couldn't be offended. And we talked and talked and he said he didn't think my hair looked like the explosion. But, anyway, missionaries aren't such a bad lot when you know them well.

All on Account of a Dog

By Kathryn Hubbard

(*Winner of 3rd prize in Story Contest.*)

"JOHN, there goes that dog again. Do you hear him?"

"Yes," said John, with a patient sigh. "I hear him."

"John! How can you! When you know how it annoys me. Aren't you going to do anything about it?"

John's newspaper came down with a thump on the table. "Well, what do you want me to do? Since you are so anxious, perhaps you can suggest something." (This very sarcastically.) "We can't kill the dog, we can't turn the people out of their own house, and you won't move, so, pray tell, what is there left to do?"

"Maybe they would sell the dog."

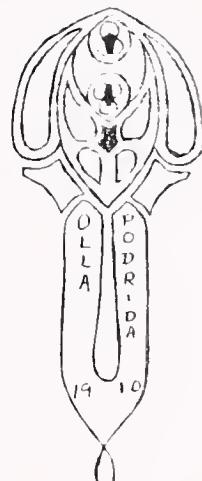
"Well, even if they would, I don't know of anybody that wants to buy it."

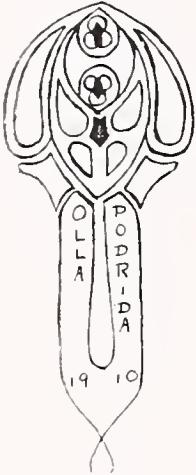
"You might buy it yourself, and then you could do what you pleased with it."

"My dear, do you realize that that dog is worth at the very least a hundred and seventy-five or two hundred dollars? What on earth is the matter with you? Are you crazy? I tell you it is perfectly idiotic to let such a foolish little thing bother you. What if the dog does bark? It's simply the nature of the beast."

"John Smith! you can't realize what it is to be nervous. You just ought to stay home for a few days, and then we'd see who'd be talking about that dog."

That dog had been the subject of many such discussions at the Smith home. He was a thoroughbred Scotch collie, and a beauty at that, but he, like all other dogs—and people, too, for that matter, had his faults, his principal one being that he persisted in barking at every team or vehicle that passed on the street. He would run from one side of the lawn to the other, jumping into the air and giving vent to a





series of short, sharp yelps, which was the only way in which he could show his appreciation of things in general.

It was this barking which had gotten on Mrs. Smith's "nerves." She could not eat nor sleep, and she insisted that she would end her days in the lunatic asylum if it kept up much longer. It was very annoying, even to the other neighbors, who had all taken sides with her against the Warrens, who owned the dog. However, one being about as stubborn as the other, neither the Smiths nor the Warrens would move, but matters had now reached such a state that Mrs. Smith insisted that something be done, so Mr. Smith, after much persuasion, consented to try to buy the poor dog, who, ignorant of all the commotion he was causing, continued joyfully on his way, barking at teams and chasing every stray cat within a radius of three blocks.

But the Warrens, as Mr. Smith had surmised, did not want to sell the dog. Whether they really liked him, or simply kept him out of stubbornness, they did not state. At any rate they kept him, or at least they did until poor, long-suffering John, after much bickering, finally obtained him for five hundred dollars.

Mrs. Smith was overjoyed.

"What are you going to do with him?" she demanded immediately.

"Keep him here for tonight," responded Mr. Smith.

"Here? In this house? Never!" declared Mrs. Smith.

"Surely you wouldn't let the poor thing freeze. Just let him sleep on the back porch," pleaded her husband.

"Well, I don't care. Only don't expect me to look out for him."

Mrs. Smith, upon going out to lock the back door as usual that evening, found "that dog" lying outside with his nose against the crack. "He must be half frozen," she thought. Whereupon she called him into the kitchen and spread a rug for him in front of the stove. "Just for tonight," she argued with herself.

Next morning Mr. Smith saw her surreptitiously feeding "that dog" the choicest bits of meat, but said nothing. The dog remained there that day, barked at teams and chased cats, but nothing was said about disposing of him. That night he slept before the grate in the dining-room.

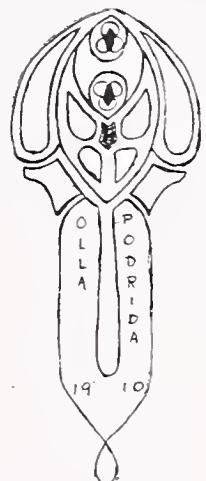
A week went by and nothing was done. To the neighbors' questions Mrs. Smith responded that "she did not know what they would do with the dog; Mr. Smith was attending to that." But the dog still stayed.

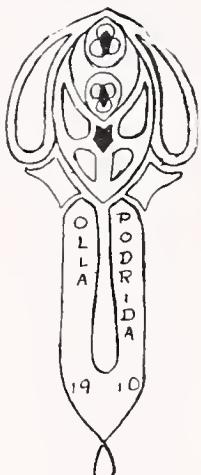
A month went by and the neighbors began to complain, the Warrens the loudest of all. They all said the dog was worse than ever. "Why the horrid things," said Mrs. Smith.

One morning a man rang the door-bell, showed Mrs. Smith his star, and quietly informed her that there had been so many complaints about her dog that she would either have to get rid of it, or move.

"Sell my dog? Never!" said Mrs. Smith.

And so they moved.





In Passing

T was 8:45 by the office clock. I picked up my Latin and turned the leaves over slowly, but the words ran together in a meaningless jumble, and disgusted, I threw the book aside. Oh, well; I probably would escape being called upon since I had recited on Friday, and as to algebra—what should I do about algebra? Oh, yes; of course, I could get some one to work the problems for me at noon. While I was thus reassuring myself, an industrious-looking individual whom I recognized as a "star" in several of my classes, slipped up beside me and exclaimed excitedly,

"Oh, I'm so anxious to get my reports today, aren't you? I'm almost sure I'll get on the honor list!"

Reports! (The reader may imagine my sentiments.) As I was trying to think of an adequate rejoinder some one grasped me by the arm and, shuddering apprehensively, I looked around.

"Say, if you get a three in the first report and a two in the second, what will you have to get in the last to make a rec?"

"A one," I replied, and for a moment we grinned at each other silently, sympathetically.

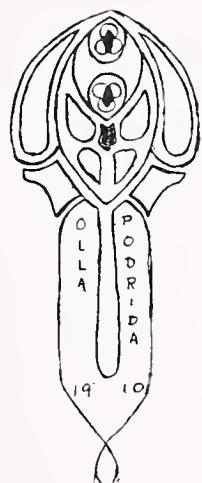
I have often heard students remark that "they hated school," and I wondered if those were my sentiments now. But no! I might find it hard at times, and become negligent in studying and restless under the restrictions of high school life, but I had only to look around me to realize that it was a great, big, interesting community, and that I was a part of it and, deep down in my heart, proud of it.

The scene was typical of many a Monday morning in many a large, modern high school. The students were everywhere, in the halls, on the stairs, down in the basements, out in the yard. It seemed as though the buildings could scarcely hold them all, but still they came, for many blocks around, in all directions. Some were large and some were small; some were rich and some were poor; many were neither.

Some sauntered leisurely, some rushed pell-mell; some chattered volubly; some stood apart in awkward silence or passed through the crowd unobserved. Boys wrapped to their ears in heavy red sweaters held converse with pretty little girls in low-necked dresses. Teachers whose arms were filled with books and notices made their way hurriedly from room to room and disappeared into those mysterious regions behind the door labeled "Private," only to reappear bearing more books and more notices. Doors slammed, bells rang, typewriters clicked.

Here and there one could pick out a boy or a girl well known in school activities. Just outside the office door one of the most prominent of the popular heroes had taken his stand (and here in all probabilities he would continue to stand until somewhere around 9:58). He was a tall, well-padded and consequently broad-shouldered youth, bearing a curious resemblance to the highly-colored cartoons that graced the bulletin boards overhead. With hands thrust deeply into his pockets, he inspected the passers-by in a cool, indifferent stare, occasionally exchanging a witty remark with some personal friend, or frowning at his watch with the air of one who has made an appointment. Not far from him a very interesting group of "new students," (boys and girls who had entered at the first of the term from small country high schools, and who had not yet ceased to wonder at the order of things), conversed in eager tones, exchanging late information and formulating new ideas.

The locker rooms were rapidly filling and many a key rang on the cement floor as it slipped through nervous fingers. Some snatched at their books desperately, frowning as they extricated them from the depths of a tottering stack. Others laid theirs in neat piles and took them out with precision, seeming to say as they did so—"Let me see! I need my Latin, English, and geometry books, and my map book, and a compass, and here's my pencil and my new eraser!" One and all were intent on their own destination, and the paths of the





hurrying students crossed and recrossed in an endless procession up the stairs and through the long dark halls.

Through the open doors of the classrooms I could see groups of the more studious pupils already assembling, discussing the day's lessons and deep in consultation with the teacher. In one room boys and girls pored over encyclopedias, oblivious to their surroundings. Over in the corner a couple of worthy seniors enjoyed a lively debate concerning the protective tariff, and in many other rooms throughout the school, groups of lower classmen displayed an active interest in the day's work.

Numerous snatches of conversation such as the following, might be heard in passing:

"Hello, Pritchard!"

"Hello, yourself!"

Two attractive youths whose shirt-fronts sported near-fraternity pins, gripped hands significantly.

"What yuh been doing with yourself?"

"Nothing much. Say, are yuh going to the Orpheum with the bunch tonight?"

"Sure! I'll be there if it's the last act of a misspent life! There's a peach of a dancer on the bill this week. She's got Venus de Milo chased clear up a tree! Say, yuh haven't got a Caesar translation handy, have yuh? I can't do that darned stuff!"

"Sure! So long! 'There's comp'ny in the par-lor—well a come on down!' " (Music fades into the distance).

And again:

"Well Gen-a-veeve! I've been looking for you all morning!"

"Well so've I! Have yuh got anything to tell me?"

"Just loads! But don't you dare breathe it to a soul! I'll write yuh a note in study period. Say! Have yuh got yuur lessons?"

"I should say not, and I'll just know I'll be called on. I'm scared to death! What do you think you'll get in your reports?"

"Honestly, I've flunked in every blessed thing!"

"Oh, yes, you have! You know you'll get good, but I don't want to see mine. Say, have yuh seen that girl in that awf'nl tight hobble? Who is she, anyhow?"

"Oh, she went to the Band dance with Shorty McDuff! I think she's kind of pretty."

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes she is but she's got an awful complexion when yuh get up close. Did I tell yuh what I heard about the—"

"Oh, Gen-a-veeve! There's that new boy I was telling about—the one with the high pompadour! Isn't he cute? He's a perfect dear, but they say he has an awful case on Marian Jones."

"Well, I never could see what the boys see to like in her!"

"Neither could I. Say, who are yuh going to the Phi Kappa dance with?"

"Oh, I'll tell yuh when I answer your note in the study period."

"All right, don't forget. Let's go on in to French," and with many jabs at their curls, and side-long glances, they passed from sight.

"May-bull! May-bull! A couple of girls grasped each other frantically and made their way to a corner of the hall. One chewed gum (Spearmint, I believe it was), and the other exhibited bangs.

"Well, you're the limit! Why didn't yuh wait for men like yuh said yuh would?" queried the first, emphasizing her words by the click of her pepsin-cushioned jaws.

"Well, yuh needn't get mad! It wasn't my fault."

"I'm not mad," with dignity.

"Well, yuh ack like it!" (a strained silence follows).

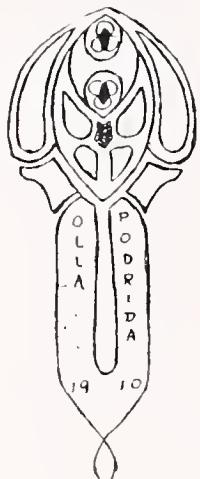
"Oh, let's forget it," broke in the one with bangs.

"All right, but yuh make me weary when yuh never keep your dates."

"Oh, there's Hen-ry!"

Both turn to smile fatuously at a passing boy, conspicuous for his new patent-leather shoes, bright red and green socks, a nigger-purple tie and a nervous, apologetic smile.





"I think he's a classy dresser, don't you, May-bul?"

"Uh-huh. Myrtle Jackson's got a case on him all right. Heavins! I've lost muh locker key! Oh no I never, here it is."

"Say, what do yuh think she'll give yuh in shorthand?"

"There's no tellin' what she'll do. I can't stand that woman! Say, we'll be late and I've gotta fix my hair. There goes that girl that goes with Stanley Pritchard. She lives up on the avenue. I don't think she's much on look myself, but they do say she has some gawglus clothes."

"Come on! We'll never get to the class. If that girl with the black curls gets in front of yuh, step on her feet. I can't stand the snippy little thing!" A moment more and they too had disappeared.

A boy next to me was taking the opportunity to enjoy his reflection in the glass door. He was a cute little boy with the end of his very becoming tie draped carelessly over one shoulder.

Suddenly I thought of my algebra. "Billy," I cried, "Oh, Billy! I want you to work some problems for me. He rolled his eyes and stared at me in surprise.

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you!"

"Oh, no, not me, I'm not the man. Take it away!"

A bell rang discordantly and I grabbed up my books and ran. (I always did dislike that bell. No matter what you are doing or planning or wishing, you can't escape it.) I turned a corner rapidly only to collide with a youth of the to-the-devise-with-everybody-else-on-earth-but-me variety. And so it went. Students were scattering in all directions. I dropped into my seat and breathed a sigh of relief.

As one by one the doors swung shut that gloomy Monday morning, a great wave of sympathy swept over the school. A thousand hearts beat faster, a thousand pairs of hands grew cold; a thousand breasts swelled with sudden, tense thoughts of hope and fear, remorse and resolution. For a crisis was at hand, and the office clock seemed to murmur as it ticked slowly, steadily on, "Reports are due, reports are due!"

E. V. G., '11.

The Passing of 1910

By Gordon Luke

(*A Farewell to the High Seniors.*)

TICK, tick, tick!—I paused in my studies and shaded my eyes, while the clock on the mantle went ticking on. Just then it struck eleven, and, as by this time I felt decidedly dazed and drowsy, after an evening of application to a review of the laws of motion and the philosophy of sound, I decided to discontinue for the night.

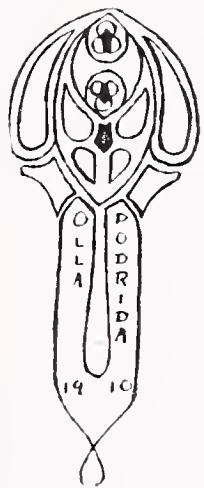
The electric light must have thought I had better, too, for just then it went out, leaving me gazing into a brightly flaming fireplace, too sleepy to move. So all I did was to watch the small, darting shadows, ever changing as the flames receded and flared up again, and as I looked from one object on the mantle-piece to another, they seemed to my tired eyes to be moving to and fro.

Now, what could be more natural in this condition, and after my close application to the above-named philosophical subjects than for me to stumble over a great truth—nothing more or less than the fact that so-called inanimate objects have life, and can commune with one another!

It was no use trying to dissuade myself. That fire-tongs certainly had addressed itself to the poker, a business proposition (something about it being nearly time for stirring up the coals), and the bust of a monk cast up its eyes, screwed up its wrinkles, and prayed, even though it had no hands!

Looking around the room, I saw that they were not the only ones. Objects everywhere were assuming features and addressing others near them, and I was sincerely thankful that there was no piece of statuary large enough to tackle me.

Just then the clock struck half past eleven, and I was surprised to see all the objects become perfectly natural again. Just as I was beginning to wonder if the entertainment had come to an end, my eyes fell upon a calendar of 1910, which stood near the clock on the mantle-piece, and I





was aware that it was shedding large, immaterial tears, and uttering many inanimate sighs. The clock rolled its eyes (which it assumed on the instant), toward the calendar, and inquired in a voice half way between a chime and a tick, what distress his neighbor was in? The calendar, with many gulps and woe-begone expressions emitted the following sad ejaculations:

"Oh, my companion, my fellow marker of the flight of time, sad, sad is my fate! Friend, your period of existence goes on for years, mine is now nearly over. With the coming of 1911 I shall be cast into the flames below to perish miserably and my place shall be occupied by another!"

The old clock knew the truth of this assertion, because he had seen this happen on former years, but not being able to turn his hands backward, and thus prolong the life of his companion, he did nothing but assume a solemn expression, and tick prophetically.

A moaning night wind sprang up. The sighs of the calendar were becoming very heartrending, when with a burst of noise, the clock began to strike, and at the same time whistles began to blow, bells in the distance to ring, and with a great rush, a tremendous gust of wind came through a window, blew the calendar off the mantle-piece, and whirled it into the flames!

Now, there was something very perplexing about this. Why was it that but a few minutes ago it was a whole month before New Year, and now all these things are proclaiming its arrival? But something kept me from reasoning clearly, so all I could do was to wait for the next strange thing to happen.

And what did happen was indeed startling. Into the room came a bunch of New Year's eve revelers and—has mortal ever heard of anything so terrible! There I came myself, and we all celebrated the New Year according to custom; or, at least, the rest of the party and my other me, for I was still sitting in the same place, looking on horror-stricken.

en with every hair on end. Soon the rest of them and my other me put out the lights, and went off, leaving me nearly frantic with perplexity. I must have sat there trembling for fifteen minutes when I began to realize that the wind was addressing me, and this is what it said:

"O mortal, chosen to disclose the mysteries of the supernatural, I am the voice of the winter wind! I am the voice of the outer world, into which the graduates of Berkeley High School must now go. This is a warning to them. Do you not see the meaning of these visions? Then listen and learn, learn and take heed, take heed and reveal!"

"The endowment of inanimate things with life was a symbol that the world is full of action. Let them also be. The destruction of the calendar shows the fate of all things whose usefulness is at an end. Let them take heed. Warn them not to laugh when these visions are disclosed to them for those that laugh shall perish! They shall go to join the innumerable ghosts of the disobedient, which are driven along by me wherever I go, and which are sometimes heard in the night, moaning and wailing for opportunities lost.

But those who obey these messages, happy are their futures. Let them leave their good examples for the Low Seniors to follow. They are worthy successors. This is the end of my message. Take heed, listen, and learn!"





Good English

By Dr. Luella Clay Carson

(*President of Mills College.*)

Extracts from a Lecture on Education.

PRESIDENT Eliot in a lecture given at Harvard, said education for the student has four purposes in the main:

To teach him to observe the things around him;
To teach him to record accurately what he sees;
To teach him to draw correct inferences;
To teach him to express himself in clear, cogent English—in the strength and beauty of his mother tongue."

For the student this last requirement is most important. However much he may know of the wonders of nature and the sciences, the beauty of the classics, the philosophy of history, his influence will largely depend upon his ability to state clearly—in plain English—what he knows.

Natural science may train to exactness of observation, mathematics may cultivate the power of logical reflection, the study of science may produce the keen intelligence and the power of broad generalization, but none of these, not all of them combined will confer upon the student the ability to tell in the best few words what he has seen, what law he has deduced, what convictions impel him. If this conclusion be true, how much more true is it that not all of these combined will endow the student with that greatest of all powers—the power so to choose and so to marshal words as to persuade his fellow men to courses of action.

* * * * * * *

But it is peculiarly the office of the schools to send forth men and women who can tell in the simplest and therefore the best English what they have learned; who can put into the most effective, because the most earnest English, what they believe; who can so express their convictions upon

truth and upon action as to influence their communities for good and advance their age along the path of civilization.

* * * * *

What the youth of our land understand, believe and have convictions upon, when they go out from the high schools and colleges is vital to the nation. Is it not just as vital that they have the ability through pen and word to give forth to the world the message within them?

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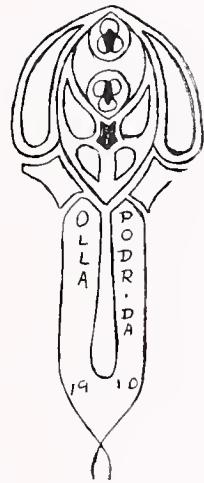
It is a favorite tradition that English will largely come unsought. That if a student have Greek or Latin grammar, and be translating the classics into his mother tongue, he is at the same time gaining unusual and sufficient power in English, but is this true? Will not his English be stiff, one-sided, largely classical in derivation, lacking in rich, idiomatic expression and homely Anglo-Saxon strength? It is also often stated that he who has anything to say will find ways to express his thought. Fill one with scientific knowledge and scientific expression will follow. Perhaps, but will English expression always follow? Science does not always speak in English, and unless the scientist be a master of English he may make sorry work with his nomenclature.

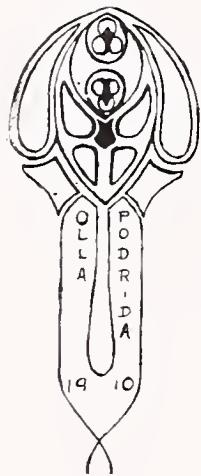
Some one says, "Give the student mathematics and he will be clear in expression. Lincoln studied Euclid to become forceful in argument." True, but there were two other books that Lincoln studied that gave him the marvelous English of the Gettysburg.

It goes without saying that mathematics, science and the classics are invaluable to the student of English: that he who would possess the greatest power in wielding language as an instrument of expression, must certainly possess the power of thought, of judgment, and of discrimination in the use of words, and let that thought, judgment and discrimination come through all the avenues of knowledge that can possibly be open to him.

* * * * *

Again, how shall the college be made to feel that Eng-





lish must be taught through its own avenues? To be sure every professor is a teacher of English, for he can only secure the best recitations in any study when they are given in clear, forceful English, but the highest attainments in the expression of thought can be reached only when the high schools and colleges give time and place to the definite, enthusiastic, organized study of the means of expression.

* * * * *

Literature confers upon the student not only form, large vocabulary, varied constructions, but what is of far more worth. Literature is the thought and sentiment of the best minds of the best ages embodied in language, and as a source of culture for the young it is without a rival in the realm of knowledge. Natural science may train to exactness of observation, but literature develops character. Mathematics may cultivate logical thought, but literature quickens the soul with great ideas and moral sentiments. The study of science may produce the power of broad generalization but literature fills the soul with lofty aspirations and leads to that mental richness we call wisdom. All these other studies give knowledge of facts and inventive power, but only literature gives motives; motives of mighty movements; motives of nations in the onward-march of civilization. There can be no great English composition, whether it be an essay or a biography, an epic or a sonnet, that has not for its inspiration some lofty motive.

No student can ever acquire a clear, forceful and beautiful style unless he have a mind, heart and soul large enough and true enough to know the great truths of history which only literature reveals.



The Coming of Winter

I.—The approach in the mountains:

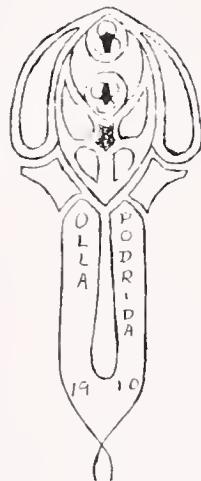
The wind first fell upon huge mountain peaks,
And hunted out great boulder hidden caves
Mid rocky battlements; through which to shriek
Dred prophecies of coming winter days.

Then, drifting down the jagged mountain ways,
It crept along gray grass, to leafless trees
In unprotected valleys, where the creeks
To harden, glistening ice begin to freeze.

When darkness comes, the drifting snowflake ghosts
Glide where the gathering wind, with noisy groan,
Howls through the screaming forests—
“Bend, ye hosts
Of nature, for the winter days have come!”

II.—On the sea shore:

Low on the sea shore, winter's ominous train
Of ponderous clouds bring on the coming rain.
On rugged cliffs the night's dark billows surge,
Singing the seashore's ceaseless sullen dirge.
The light house strives to pierce the darkened storm,
And shines on lines of rain, and billows strong;
Around it, in the dark, the night winds moan
And sing with pattering rain a steady drone.



III.—In the home:

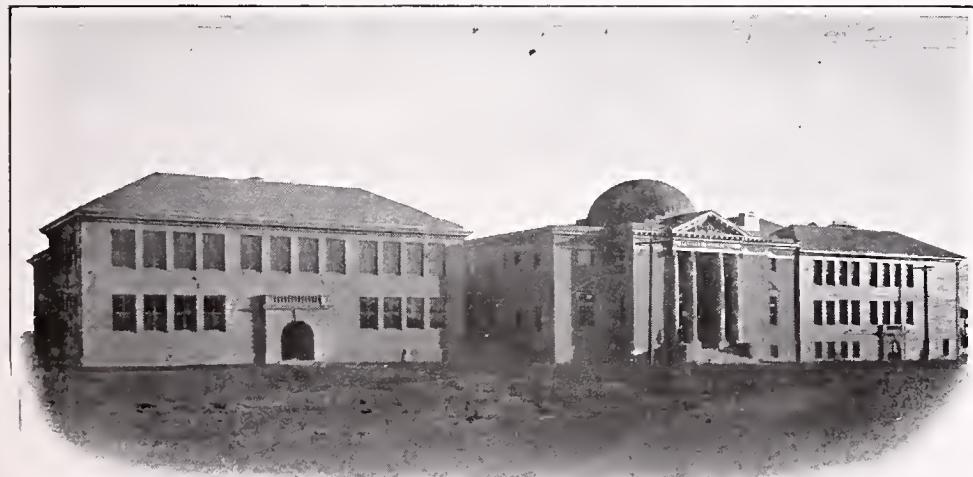
But let the chill winds blow!
We care not. And now let glad laughter go
Where merry flakes are dancing on the snow.
Now let the tempest blare!
We care not, for indoors we have the glare

Of ruddy coals. So every one prepare
For Christmas joys, and drive away dull care
With leaping flames to warm the chilly air!

—Gordon Luke '11.



School



Organizations

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS



President Conklin

THIE Associated Student Body was organized in 1896 and the object of this organization was stated at the time to be "a close bond of union among the students." But under this constitution athletics were under the direction of an Athletic Association. Debating was controlled by a similar organization and the result was that the students as a whole really controlled nothing, and "a close bond of union among the students" was not accomplished.

A new constitution was adopted in 1905. This one was an improvement over the older one, but the same fault cropped out. The school's activities were not controlled by the school and each activity fought the other activities.

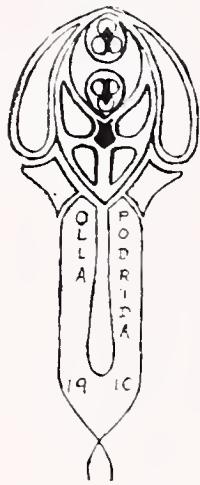
In 1908, a third constitution was drafted and adopted and this constitution has been in use up to the present time. This constitution has proved to be a worthy one and has accomplished to a great extent the old, time-worn object: "a closer bond of union among the students." But this object has not ben entirely brought about yet, for there is still a certain amount of dissention.

About half of the students attending the High School this semester became members of the Associated Students or, in other words, only 50 per cent of the students paid their dues. This was a poor showing for a school in which the students are brought in so close a contact with the activities and where the student government is so democratic. The students still lack common interest in the school.

The manager and editor of the Olla Podrida are to be



B. H. S. Executive Board



complimented upon the good-will that they have shown toward the school. They have devoted their time and labor to the school journal and did so without asking the questions, that are already too common about school: "What'll I get out of it?" "Will the school give us sweaters?" "What's in it?"

The Band fellows have shown this same good spirit and we hope to see it spread until it envelops the entire school.

Two new projects have been put on foot this term. A new plan for athletics and a plan for student "control" or student government. Mr. Brink's keen interest in our welfare has been the principal cause for these two excellent movements, which have been needed for many years. As soon as they are put into actual effect there is sure to develop a better regard on behalf of the students for the school.





In view of the fact that at the first of the term there was no debating society in the school for boys, the Forum considers itself very successful in the progress thus far made. Not only has this new society reorganized and adopted a constitution of its own making; but it has, in addition to these two things, held successful regular meetings. Now that this work has been successfully started it is to future interests in debating to see that the organization carries out a progressive policy until it shall once more attain the position of the strongest and best high school debating society on the coast.

It has been argued, by some, that because a class in debating is to be presented to the students hereafter, the attendance at the debating societies of the school is liable to be injured. The societies believe and hope that this is not so. It is hoped, on the other hand, that this new class will increase the attendance. The only reason that there is not a greater attendance at meetings now is because the students are not awake to the pleasures and benefits derived from such an organization. If argumentation is taught in the classroom, the students will awake to the fact that debating is not a dry subject after all; even though it does, in a large sense, deal with statistics and history. Those who are at all interested in political questions of the day; all those who wish to learn something in parliamentary law, and get practiced therein; and, above all, those who wish to gain command of themselves on their feet, should at least give the Forum or Agora a visit, and then, if desiring to, join.



President Sturgis

Agora



President Ozouf

Owing to the many activities attendant upon the graduation of our Christmas Class of 1910, there has been somewhat of a lull in the usual routine of the Agora.

Nevertheless there have been several interesting debates on such questions as "Co-Education," "Intercollegiate Football," and "Capital Punishment." Among those who have actively engaged themselves in these debates are Miss Lucile Gott, Miss Margaret Crosby, Miss Florence Carrol, Miss Elsa Marston and Miss Florence Small, and it is to these members that we look for the progress and improvement of the art of debating among the girls. To Miss Florence Small we look for the honor of winning that beautiful trophy presented to the Debating League of California at the recent convention by that generous society, the Ecclisie.

The next convention is to be held in April at Martinez, and those among us who have already enjoyed the lavish hospitality of that society look forward with zest to the prospect of again being entertained there.

Miss Margaret Crosby represented well the Agora in an inter-school individual championship contest, and it was a matter of great regret that we did not meet with victory that night. Mr. Postel of Humboldt Evening High School carried off the honors upon that occasion.

With sincere regret we wish our Senior members farewell, and wish every success for each and every one in the future she has chosen.





Agora Debating Team

CHESS CLUB



Launie Steinegger

The Chess Club has now become an active organization of the school. With the aid of the faculty, particularly Mr. Brink and Mr. Danforth, the club has been firmly established. The club also wishes to thank Miss Maxwell, Miss Palmer and Miss Newmark for their support.

The tournament which shall decide the team is now in full swing and by next term the team will have been selected.

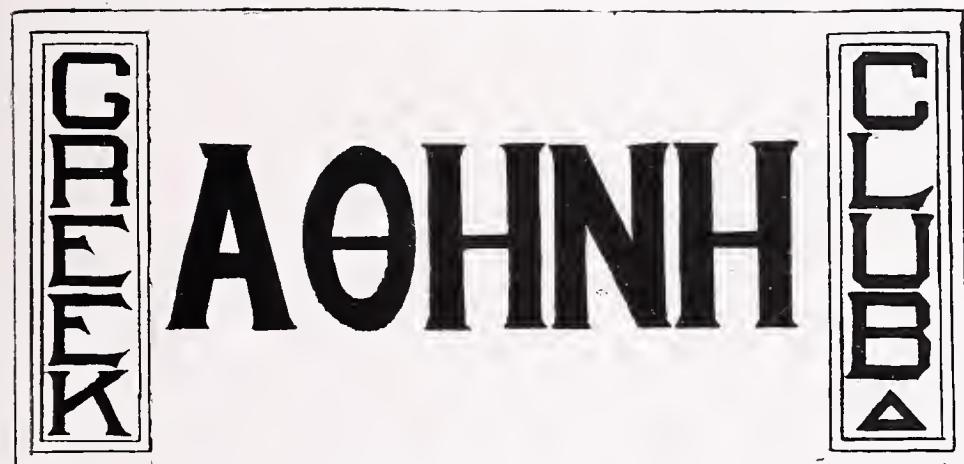
Next semester the club expects to commence an active campaign to institute a chess league composed of the High Schools around the bay so as to more closely unite the various clubs. The league is expected to resemble the Athletic League, possessing its various officers, who shall superintend the club as a whole.

There are still several chess players in the school who have not joined the club, and the officers hope that the defacing of the notices of Chess Club meetings has not caused them to keep away. All persons who wish to join may hand in their name either to the president or secretary.

THE FRENCH CLUB

By Rene Guillou

A French Club has been organized, all students being eligible for membership who have taken one year or more of French. Meetings are held once a week, at which entertainment in the form of French games, charades, talking machine concerts in French, etc., is provided. The following officers have been elected: President, Rene Gillou; vice-president, Marion Fitzhugh; secretary, George Judd; treasurer, Grace Partridge.



By Stanley Aundt

THE past term has been one of great success for the Greek Club. The students of Berkeley High have supported it unusually well and have greatly encouraged the club members and its director, Miss Clayes. The organization has increased greatly during this term and, although it lost many members by graduation, now boasts of 83 members on its rolls. This gives us a great membership than any other school organization with the exception of the Associated Students.

Under the auspices of the Greek Club, Professor Carpenter, of the University of California, gave an interesting and instructive lecture on the Education of a Roman Boy, in the High School auditorium on October 7. A large audience heard this enjoyable lecture, which was the only one of the term. Next term, however, Miss Clayes hopes to secure for the Greek Club several speakers; and more delightful evenings will be spent in the auditorium.

The semi-annual luncheon of this organization took place in the school basement on October 8, and over fifty guests shared the club's hospitality. Miss Bellman made an able toastmistress; calling on Mr. Brink, Mr. Bunker and Miss Clayes, the director of the Greek Club, for short talks. Miss Denman gave an enjoyable recitation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Our Hired Girl."



HIS term has seen the arrival, or rather the revival, of one of the most renowned organizations of this institution, the Berkeley High School Glee Club. This year the halls and corridors of our school building have again re-echoed the melodious tones of the finest set of select young singers that have ever attempted to represent Brkely High along this line.

We must confess that at first the work was rather discouraging and at many times it seemed a hopeless task to ever expect to produce a chorus that would sound anything at all like music. But we had the co-operation of our principal and the music director of the schools, Miss Hartley, and toward the end of the term our attempts seemed to be a little more successful. The fellows worked better. In fact, we improved to such an extent that we felt encouraged to make our first public appearance this term.

Our initial concert, which was given on the evening of December 10, in the High School auditorium, was a success from every standpoint. We wish to thank the Greek Club for their help in the sale of tickets for this concert. They aided us greatly. We wish also to thank the student body for their support, and we can promise them that their labor will not have been in vain. They, having thus shown an interest in this activity, have established it on a firm basis, and henceforth the cry will no longer be "What has become of our Glee Club," but rather the competition for admittance to that organization will have become so very keen that the question will be "Can't I possibly come into your organization? Don't you need more voices?"



By Chester B. Kirby

THE first B. H. S. band was organized by Ernest R. Lasell shortly after the earthquake of 1906. This band was composed of eleven members in Berkeley High and four outsiders. It existed for one year and then broke up.

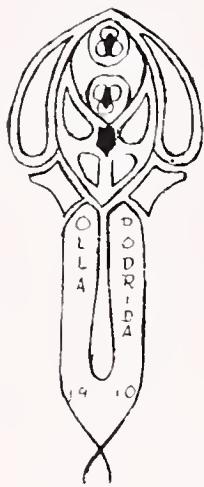
Several efforts were made to reorganize, but without success, until in August, 1909, when the present band was organized, Ernest R. Lasell again being the organizer. The membership at this time was fifteen.

Things went on in a slipshod manner until January, 1910, when the band members themselves elected Ray Mathew as manager. Ernest R. Lasell as leader appointed Arthur Christie as assistant leader; Marion Barnes, as librarian, and Chester Kirby as purchasing agent. Marion Barnes later resigned and Conway Pendleton was appointed in his place.

On February 25, 1910, the band gave its first dance, the proceeds of which were invested as a partial payment for a bass horn. The executive board of the Associated Students



Manager Kirby



agreed to give the balance necessary to complete the purchase and now the horn is the property of the school.

In June, 1910, the managership of the band was made an Associated Students' elective office, and Chester Kirby was elected manager. In August, the band was very fortunate in again being able to secure Ernest R. Lasell for leader, as he had graduated from Berkeley High. Arthur Christie was again appointed as assistant leader. Chester Kirby as purchasing agent, and Conway Pendleton as librarian. Conway Pendleton soon left Berkeley and George White was appointed in his place. A bass drum was purchased and the name Berkeley High School painted upon it. The membership had at this time reached twenty.

On October 28, a second dance was given but the night was too popular one for other social affairs, and the result was a small crowd and a deficit in the expense account. Although the dance was not a financial success it was a social one. The members of the band having incurred the dance debt, the band has given a concert, held on December 2, to raise the difference. The concert was a decided success. The band played admirably and an appreciative audience attended.



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It may be safely said that this season has been one of the most, if not the most, successful season in regard to rooting, we have ever had.

From the very first game, or in fact from the first rally, it could be seen that the student body, as well as the faculty, was eager to support the teams and other organizations.

Although the boys did some good rooting and more than held their own against any of the other rooting sections, the girls also helped much in aiding the fellows on the team to bring home the victory to the Berkeley High School. We cannot praise the girls too much for the spirit they have shown by their attendance at the games and for the part they are playing in bringing what we call the Berkeley High spirit to the front.

Perhaps the best spirit was shown at the Oakland game. Never in all the history of the school have we had such a large rooting section, and it is doubtful if ever such a display of spirit has been shown at any of our games.

The rooting was fine, thanks to the practices held in the yard, and, as our fellows outplayed Oakland in all the stages of the game, we out-rooted them.

There is no reason why this good showing should not be repeated next term. Besides the many reason why this should be repeated, it is also our duty to introduce the incoming Juniors to some of the real B. H. S. spirit.



Yell Leader Parrish

FOOTBALL



Manager Kauffman

Our first season can surely be counted as a success.

Out of the eleven games played, we lost four, two were college teams and one, the first game played, was with Lowell.

Our first game on August 27th with Lowell, was a defeat, the score being 8-3 in favor of Lowell. At this time we had not been coached while Lowell had had a year of experience at the game.

Our next trial at the game was on September 6 when we lined up against the California Freshmen and really surprised ourselves when we defeated them, the score being 10-3.

September 14 we played Mission. It was surely pathetic the way we walked through them. After the game the only thing we regretted was that we had not increased the score 3 points so that it would be one for every minute of play. The score stood 37 to 0 in our favor.

September 14, we again played the California Freshmen, this time defeating them by the score of 8-3.

September 24 we played the fast team from Palo Alto. Had the fellows put up the same sort of game they had in earlier games, we trust the score would have been different. As it was it stood, Palo Alto, 8; Berkeley, 3. This is not the time or place for offering excuses. We have to acknowledge that Palo Alto High has a fast Rugby team.

October 1, we traveled down to Stanford and there played

against the best team met in the entire season. The Stanford Freshmen outplayed us to the score of 10-0.

October 5, was our third game with California Freshmen. They outplayed us this time. We were not conditioned and in the second half, they "kindly" stretched this half to several minutes over time. We lost by the score of 18-0.

October 8, we had a second chance at Lowell. We more than blotted out our defeat of the game before. They refused to play longer than fifteen-minute halves so we "cleaned them up" to the score of 15- in this short time.

On Friday, October 21, came the climax of the whole season, the Oakland game. We repeated the performance of the seven years preceding and again trampled the blue and white into the dust. We are sorry that Oakland employed to such an extent, those tactics that have crushed the old game and are sure to undermine the new. He is a weakling who practices on the gridiron what he learns in the ring. It's all over now, the better team won and the pleasure is ours.

The following is the line-up of the sturdy defenders of the crimson and gold, with those who opposed them:



Austin



Brown

OAKLAND.

Hamlin
Barber
Hermle
White
Holden
Calderwood
Quaile
Pedlar
Porter
Mantaque
Tupper
Jackson
McElrath
Seeds
Dettlefson
Referee—Cerf.

POSITIONS.

Fullback	Royce
Three-quarters	Clopton
Three-quarters	Forbes
Three-quarters	Mackie
Five-eighths	Knowles
Five-eighths	Austin
Halfback	Corgiat
Wing	Hunt
Forward	M. Sinclair
Forward	Baronidis
Forward	Brown
Forward	Van Haren
Forward	Hardy
Forward	Vilas, Doyle
Forward	Howard, Crane

BERKELEY.



B. H. S. Football Team

OAKLAND PROTESTS BERKELEY-OAKLAND GAME



Knowles



Corgiat

Tuesday, October 25, a meeting of the Bay Counties Athletic League was called, for the purpose of considering Oakland High's grievances. They brought forth a protest saying that, due to certain delays caused by B. H. S. in starting, the game should be played over.

The O. H. S. contingent delivered a well-rehearsed but absolutely groundless argument, telling how badly they had been wronged by Berkeley, who was wholly in the wrong.

The Berkeley reasons were clearly and emphatically stated, but in the heat of the discussion, Oakland's statements were accepted and the measure passed in favor of Oakland by a vote of 5 to 1.

When the action was reported, a storm of public sentiment was aroused against it, as the public at large knew we had defeated Oakland fairly and squarely. It was therefore deemed necessary for the league officials to hold another meeting to examine the facts of the situation.

This meeting was then held Monday, October 31, in California Hall. The league was very fortunate in having Graduate Manager Farmer and Assistant Coach Cerf to present the real facts.

Oakland's principal grievance was losing the game. They then tried to prove that by shortening of the game by four minutes, Oakland was prevented from scoring again, (when they were on their 20-yard line at the end of the game).

Oakland had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Cerf, the referee, say that Berkeley had the superior team.

After all the evidence had been collected, we noted that the Berkeley arguments of the previous meeting were entirely corroborated. A vote was then taken, which resulted in declaring the protest void by a vote of 5 to 1.

October 29, we defeated the fast team from San Jose 16-3.

Our last game was played November 5 against Fremont. This was the first contest for three years between Berkeley High and Fremont. We won the game by the score of 8-3, but we can say from the showing made by the Fremont team, that had they played the whole season, they would have been likely contenders for honors around the bay.

The playing of the following men is worthy of note:

Captain Hunt played well at wing forward.

Malc. Sinclair played a star game at forward, always on the ball and in the game.

"Bill" Knowles at five-eights played a heady game. His passing, running, and kicking was of the best.

Chas. Austin was always in the game; his kicking and running scored many points and called forth many a cheer.

Mackie is a corker. His work on the field is worthy of special note.

"Mick" Forbes was in a class by himself. His kicking and sure-tackling were a prominent feature in every game.

Clopton played well at wing. His speed and sure tackling were noted on many occasions.

"Steve" Corgiat was clever at half, getting the ball out and kicking well.

"Red" Royce played a good game at full. He should be heard from next year.

"Herb" Hardy was the forward always breaking through and getting the man with the ball.

"Vic" Doyle did his share and did it well, a sude tackler and fast on his feet.

Percy Crane played a sterling game all season. His loss will be sadly felt next year.

Baronidis was a marvel at heeling out the ball.

Olin played a strong game at forward.

Van Haren was always on the ball and was conspicuous in the line-outs.



Hardy



Doyle



Captain Hunt

Vilas was a tower of strength. We are sorry that sickness kept him out of the game part of the time.

H. Howard played a strong game from the first and should be heard from next year.

Partsch at wing played a fine game and should be among the best next year.

Montgomery filled Corgiat's place. His work was heady and his boot good.

Others who were out and are to be watched next year are: John Corgiat, E. Valentine, K. Hayes, Bond, McElroy, Hibbard, Rule, Clark, and Carleton.

ATHLETIC BRIEFS

The football team will soon be arrayed with gold footballs as trophies awarded by the Bay Counties Athletic League to the football champions.

Mr. Lowell is again to be praised for his able handling of the football squad and over-stepping the breach that has so long existed between athletes and faculty.

Too much praise cannot be given M. Von Monderschid and Dolan, the former a member of the Barbarian team and player of note, and the latter a University of California man and member of the All-American team of 1909. These two men taught us the game, drilled our team and to them is due the glory of our success.

We see that Alameda has taken the step of the wise and has refused to support and be dictated to by the tyrants of the A. A. L.

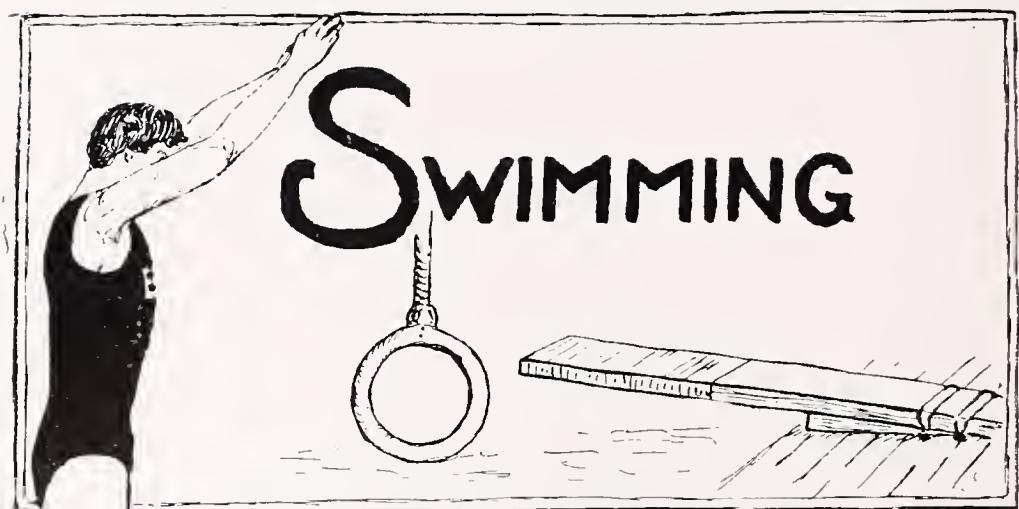
The championship game of the A. A. L. drew a crowd of fully fifty people. Is interest in football dying? No! Well then what's the matter? Our championship game in the B. C. A. L. was played before a crowd of more than three thousand people.



Forbes



Sinclair



By Otis Marston

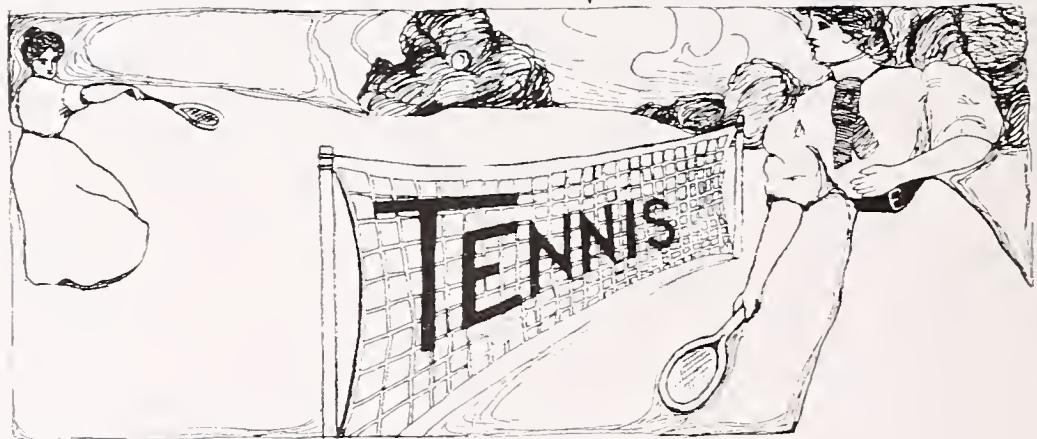
The swimming team has done fairly well this season, considering the lack of financial and moral support from the school it represents. It tied with Fremont High for second in the annual B. C. A. L., and easily won against Oakland Poly and McKinley Introductory High Schools. With a little backing from the students of the school, our team would have been second to none. The worst drawback to the team, however, was not the lack of support, but the absence of a good place to practice. The team has been training at Piedmont baths, which is considered by many as being too unsanitary, and it is also too great a distance from the school.

By next year we will have two excellent tanks in Berkeley, and there will be no excuse for not having a large squad out for the team. What we really need, however, is a swimming tank of our own. This would help greatly in bringing every one into athletics and would be an easy solution of the problem Mr. Brink and the athletic committee are working over. Swimming should lead the list of muscle-developing sports considered by this committee, as it is a known fact that this pastime, as a muscle-builder, is unsurpassed. Also it is a

crime to allow students to pass through the high-school age without learning this art. Fremont High has realized these facts and now is installing two large tanks for the use of the students. Why not Berkeley High?



B. H. S. Swimming Team



By Robert L. Lipman

The tennis this term has been very dull because of the fact that most of the schools play in the spring term only. In fact, the only thing that has been done is the fact that try-outs were held. Because the Lick team disbanded, the scheduled match with that school had to be called off, and because Oakland had no team there was no match with them. So both of the usual matches were not played.

But the team has kept in good practice and will be ready to meet all competitors next term. The same men may not be on the team but there will surely be a good team. In the tryouts this term Lipman won first place while Vergon won second and in the doubles, Lipman and Randall came out victorious. Next term there will be much competition for the places on the team and much good play is expected.

It is hoped that next term there will be an inter-class tennis tournament which will supply much good material for the team. It is hoped and expected that all the players will try out and get into good form. That is all the team needs. If everybody would get out and practice we could not help having a good team. Of course, it will be hard for those who have no court to play on to keep in practice, but those who are very anxious to play can always find a court to play on.

Girls' Athletics



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Considering the fact that the girls have been without coach and without money to run basketball on they have done remarkably well in organizing a team this term.

We have played several games, two with Oakland Polytechnic High School, one on their court and one game on our court. We were victorious each time.

We expect to play Woodland, San Rafael, and Selma this term, and if not this term next term.

It is up to the girls of the High School to come out next term and take an interest in girls' athletics. There is no reason why Berkeley High should not have a winning team as we have a good court to play on. Remember we not only need the girls to come out to practice, but also we need the support of the school, both morally and financially.



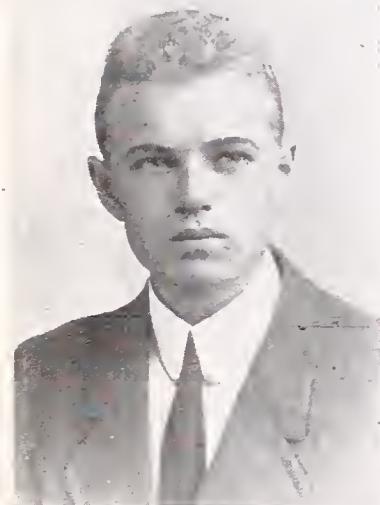
TRACK

By Fred Ostrander

The coming track season does not appear to promise Berkeley High School anything extraordinary. The old men that will be with us will not be enough to win the championship.

We have back again Captain Ellis, Cleverton, George Clark, "Bill" Ingraham, Gibbs, Vilas, and Ostrander. This leaves a large opening for new material. Practically every event will be open for new men. This should be a big inducement for other fellows to try and make the team.

On the one hand, we will be handicapped in that there are now only three years to be drawn from, but on the other hand if the new system, which has lately been adopted by the Associated Students of Berkeley High School, is carried out successfully, it will insure a track team that will be composed of the very best material that the school can possibly turn out.





NOON CONCERTS

We have had several delightful noon concerts in the last month. Miss Marguerite Darch gave a piano recital that showed wonderful power for a young student. Her rendering of Moskowski's Tarantelle created great enthusiasm.

Miss Eveleth Brooks, of the Lowell High school, also made a fine impression. Her recital was from Liszt and Chopin, and her interpretation of Chopin's Nocturne was very poetic.

Mr. James Preston gave a song recital that should have been heard by all the students. His rich tenor seems to get better all the time and the song from Gounod was lovely in every way.

The short noon hour is not so favorable for these concerts as the longer one used to be; but there are many good things coming.

Our school band gave a fine concert, the Glee Club also. And the Lockwood school band, a famous boys' band, has promised one for next term.

It ought to be mentioned that the High Seniors, by their play "Twelfth Night," have paid up the last dollar for our grand piano.





Exchanges

In this, our final, we desire to express our appreciation to our many contemporaries who have so kindly become our regular exchanges, and we wish them continued and greater success with the New Year.

Poly High, of Los Angeles, has a very unique little paper, lacking only in the number of its cuts.

A very inartistic feature of El Granito, Porterville, is the scattering of advertisements throughout the book.

The Skirmisher, Burlingame, has its usual excellent make-up in its Mid-Term number. The jokes, however, are rather too personal and hence are uninteresting to the outsider.

The borrowing of cartoons from college journals puts a damper on the otherwise attractive November Acorn of Alameda.

The Shamokin Review (Penn.), seems to lack a good art staff, but this deficiency is partly counterbalanced by the literary ability of its contributors.

The Oakhuan from Honolulu is a very presentable paper. We like the idea of scattering bits of local scenery throughout the magazine.

We are deeply impressed with the ability to succeed without the aid of merchants that is shown in the Aitchpe of Chicago.

The material of the Sacramento Review is very good, but we would suggest that you be more careful in reading your proof.

The Madrono would perhaps be better received by its readers at Palo Alto if a new cover design were substituted for the present one.

The November Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, has shown a surprising superiority over its June issue. We compliment you upon this all-around improvement.

Among the many papers received within the last month, and for which space is not permitted to comment upon in

detail, are Sycamore, Modesto; Totem, Seattle; Tolo, Seattle; Item, Pasadena; Herald, Atlantic City, N. J.; Echo, Santa Rosa; Trident, Santa Cruz; Calendar, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thunderfoot, Salida, Colo.; Lowell, San Francisco; Porcupine, Chester, Penn.; Gold and White, Sutter, Cal.; Alumni News, Columbia University; Breeze, Ashburnham, Mass.; Magpie, New York; Critic, Hackensack, N. J.; Crocus, Mitchell, S. D.; Lion, La Grange, Ill.; Red and Black, Salt Lake City; Cardinal and White, Whittier, Cal.; Toesin, Santa Clara; Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.; Sequoia, Redwood City; Oracle, Pontiac, Mich.; Chaparral, Stanford University; Russ, San Diego; Oasis, Reno; Red and Gray, National City, Cal.; and Clintonian, Clinton, Iowa.

Owing to the lack of space in our November number, we were unable to acknowledge many of the papers received. Besides the earlier numbers of many of the above named papers, the following were received: Ilex, Woodland; Porcupine, Reedley, Cal.; Purple and White, Madera; Enterprise, Petaluma; Cogswell, San Francisco; Quill, New York; Pacific Star, Mt. Angel, Ore.; Elyabilan, Salinas; El Foro, Weaverville, Cal.; School Herald (weekly), San Jose; Pacific Weekly, San Jose; Northwestern University Bulletin, Evanston, Ill.; Daily Californian, University of California; and Daily Palo Alto, Stanford University.



Jashes



Are You Sorry He's Gone?

Miss Maxwell—Can't you read louder? Just open your mouth and throw yourself into it.

"Steve Corgiat has a charley horse."

"That's nothing. 'Jakey's' got a Latin pony."

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me how iron was discovered?

Johnny—I heard Pa say they smelt it.—Ex.

Tourist—This volcano reminds me of Hades.

Native—Gad, how these Americans do travel.

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Phone Berkeley 1664.

Thanksgiving Day. Last Thursday in November. A day devoted to the annual division of Turkey—with Greece on one side, by the Hung'ry folks.—Ex.

Parrish (before boys' steps)—Now, spell it, fellows!

Father Clark (coming into hearing)—Oh, another spelling lesson, eh?

The Class of December 1910--As it Is

Name	Known As	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Song	Redeeming Feature
Barelay Anderson	Shan	Elongated	Books	Aw! quit	Asleep in the Deep	Quietness
Layson Atkins	Tommy	Chabby	Military	Hey!	The Grand Old Flag	Math. Shark
Royal Karonidis	Bary	Delicate	Bluffing	Aw! Go on	'Everybody Works but Harry	?
Lucile Battorf	Little One	Petite	Reciting	Oh! Gus	Has Anybody here seen Gus?	Her walk
Cecile Billups	Billy	Knuffy	Jimmy	Where on earth?	Good Night Dear	Complexion
Olin Brown	All-in	Gaping	Football	Yeh?	Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!	His feet
Hugh Brunk	Kid	Sleepy	Eating	Oh! Say kid	Gee! I wish I had a Girl	(hard to tell)
Mabel Button	(that depends)	Bashing	Boys	Oh! gee	I'm looking for a sweetheart; It might as well be You	Her face
Arthur Christie	Dutch	Breeze	Slang	Ye! gods	Lonesome	Music
Mabel Combs	task him)	Coy	Barnes	Goodness!	The Old Barnes) Dance	Dancing
Alvah Conklin	Duke	Languid	Introducing	Aw!	Rainbow	His auto
John Corigliat	Johnny	Foolish	Plunking	I didn't hear the question	Chop-sticks	Jis hair-cut
Neil Cornwall	Neil	Grimming	Leona	Oh! yes, sir	Keep on Smiling	Geniality

THE CLASS OF DECEMBER 1910—AS IT IS

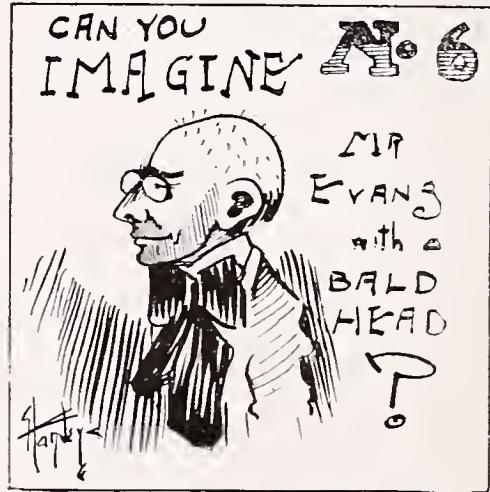
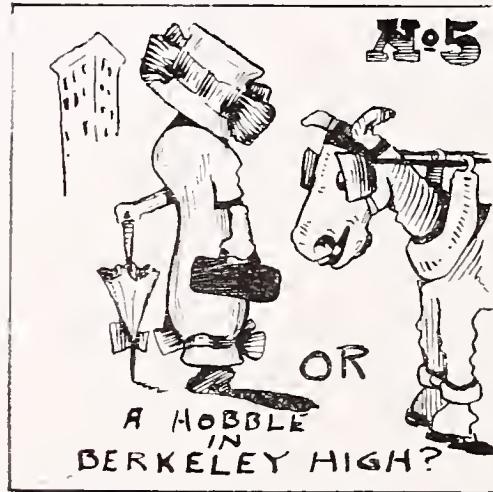
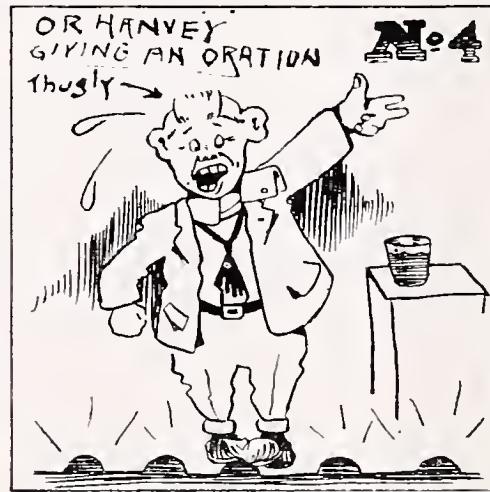
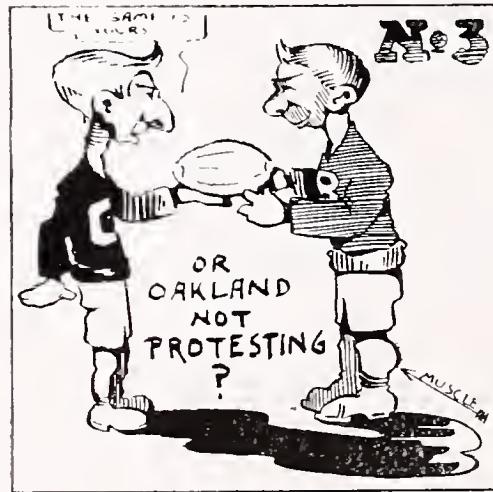
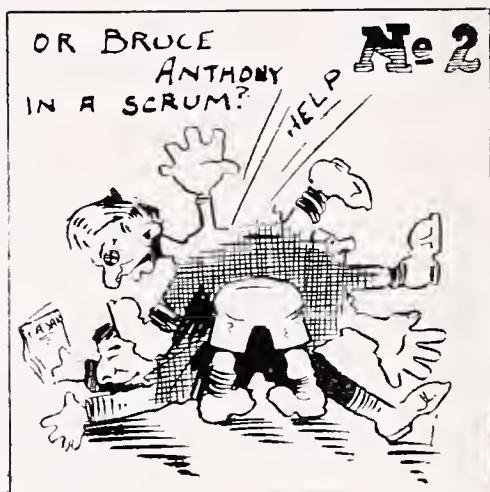
Name	Known As	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Favorite Song	Redeeming Feature
Percy Crane	Perp	Cherubic	nothing particular	Good heavens!	Oh, gee! Be sweet to me Kid	His hands
Andrew Davis Jr.	Andy	Laughable	The Band	Oh! I guess not that	Any Little Girl	His teeth
Martha Gibbs	Gibsey	See for yourself	Angling	Now listen!	If I Only had a Sweetheart	Generosity
Theo. Grady	Teddy	Nice	Butting in	Oh! say	Over the Garden Wall	Exchanges
Ruth Griffith	Ruthy	Adorable	Ned	Oh! you fat	(Ask Her)	Personality
Rene Grillon	Beautiful Eyes	Studious	Bodging Girls	Dash it!	Make Your Eyes Believe	His smile
Joe Roy Hunt	Roy	Heroic	Girls	Kiss me Kid. I'm candy	I By the light of the silv'y moon	His voice
Vera Howard	Birdie	Neat	Dress	I	I want some one to call me Bennie.	Cuteness
Louise Houtz	Nimmy	Calsonined	Blowing	Where I came from—	Powder Rag	Her curl
Rosalena Jepson	Blondy	Scared	Blushing	Think we're going to have an ex?	(Ask her mother)	Silence
David Kilduff	Davy	Sickly	Basketball	—!—!—!!	Take me Out to the Ball	His chin
Arthur Kronquist	Art	Gawky	Church	Yes! but—	Rock of Ages	Unobtrusiveness
Lacie Lawson	Eric	Lanky	Talking	Excuse me!	Down Where the Wizher- ger flows	His eyes
Eugenia McCabé	Gene	Chubby	Ps	Circus!	I'm Afraid of You	Black eyes
Mary McCurdy	Mac	Demure	Hurrying	Is it late?	Mary, You're a Big Girl Now	Drawing

THE CLASS OF DECEMBER 1910—AS IT IS

Name	Known As	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Song	Redeeming Feature
Harold Miller	Milly	Saintly	Photography	My soul and body	The Girl who threw me down	Physics
Richard Minor	Dick	Ghostly	Pool	I'm just bugs over Mabel!	Funny Face	His peg legs
Gustav Moller	Gus	Kingly	"The Little One"	She loved me but she moved away!	Come Away With Me Lu-	Gesticulations
Marjory Parker	Babe	Pale	Debating	Ding bust it!	Rings on my Fingers and Bells on my Toes	Wit
Roht. Pendegast	Peny	Crafty	Baseball	Cut it out!	Come to the Land of Bohemiania	His amble
Nellie Peterson	Pete	Dumpy	Clothes	For pity sake!	Bird on Nellie's Hat	(Hidden)
Edith Phillips	Phil	Masculine	Women's Rights	Oh bosh!	Would You Care?	Her style
Paul Pond	Blondy	White-washed	Bluffing	Oh! Bull	Oh, you Dandy!	(Last)
Robert Randall	Fat	Piratical	Horseback riding	Chop it	Bud, Budweiser's a Friend	Piloting schooners
Hazel Ray	Dearie	Coquettish	Blushes	Oh Percy!	You are the Ideal of my Dreams	Dimples
Eleanor Rogers	Elnor	Innocent (?)	Flirting	Yep!	I Want Some One to Flirt with Me	Singing high C
Ruth Schaeffer	Jimmy	Sweet	Billy	Simply keen	Bill You Done Me Wrong	Her brother
May Searls	Mazie	Avoidupois	Teasing	Beat it!	Cheer Up Mary	Her big heart
Bernice Shaw	Bunny	Winning	Winking	I don't know	Cuddle up a Little Closer	Coffure
Alice Sherriff	Shakes	Timid	Sewing	Has none	Just Turn Your Eyes Away	Hiety

THE CLASS OF DECEMBER 1910—AS IT IS

Name	Known As	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Favorite Song	Redeeming Feature
Kate Smith	Sareoxic	Graeful	Dueling	Gosh	I Wish Some One Would Fall in Love with Me	Profile
Edwin Thomas	Ed	Businesslike	Newspapers	Listen to him	I'm All in Down and Out	Report cards
Wm. Tregear	Bill	At least thirty	Running for office	Didn't go that far	Barber Shop Chord	0
Bessie Westcott	Bess	Musical up	"Cadets"	What's the use	The Boys in Blue	Keep it dark
Marjorie Wiggin	Wiggy	Soft	Cooking	Oh fudge!	I Wonder Who's Kissing Him Now	Neck
Jno. Williamson	Johnny	Abbreviated	Shop	Got the makin's?	When Johnny Comes Marching Home	His derby
Edna Wilson	(not known)	Lost	Latin (Conn.)	Oh, dear!	My Dixie Dream	Long skirts
Dwight Wood	Fui	Classy	Track	Assman!!!	How Many Have You Told That To?	Eyebrows
Ella Wright	Sal	Squeleched	Complaining	Oh, sneeze!	I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Park	
Leona Young	Leona	Dusky	walking with Neil	Tully gee!	You Look Awful Good to Father	Her friends
Bessie Dunn	Done	Stiek	Panache	Oh, sugar!	Nestle by My Side!	Auburn (?) lock
Elsa Morrow	Elsie	Rosy	Chemistry	May I be excused	I Wish I had a Sweetheart!	Divinity fudge
William Smidt	Schmitty	Shiny	English	Donnerwetter	Aeh du lieber Augustine	His nose
Grace Meyert	Gracie	Strange	studying	Oh, my!	Beautiful Byes	Goodness



Diggs didn't see the point. The laugh subsided and then he burst out laughing. "Ah! I see it now. It came by freight."

Olin—Lots of girls in B. H. S. make me think of the Pied Piper.

Fair One—Why?

Olin—Because they have so many rats behind.

Rothrock (in Glee Club)—My favorite song is "In the Shade of the ge-om-et-ry."

Mr. Danforth (in Physics)—Mr. Ellis, define space.

W. Ellis—I can't think of the words to express it, but I have it in my head.

B. H. S. Fashion News: Trousers will be worn longer in March than in February--yes, about two days longer.

Andy—I strained my eye.

Percy—How?

Andy—Looked through a sieve.

Christie made a recitation in Physics. But then you never can tell what an old woman will do.

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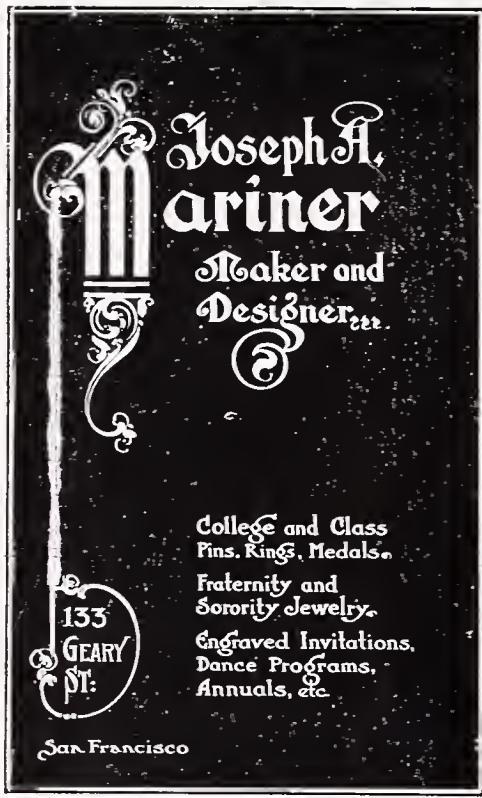
This illustration was done in color for "Blue and Gold" 1910, and was made in the Illustration Class of the above school. Perhaps you have the talent to do likewise or better.

If you are interested in illustration, designing, or any line of art or craft work, visit the school and especially the exhibition, December 27-31, open day and evening.

Attention is called to the Saturday Class for those unable to attend during the week.

**SPRING TERM OPENS
JANUARY 2, 1911**

Write for illustrated catalog.



THE KINK

There was an old woman said,

"How

Shall I flee from this terrible
cow?

I will sit on a stile

And continue to smile;

It may soften the heart of this
terrible cow."

If t-o-u-g-h spells tough,

And d-o-u-g-h spells dough,

Does s-n-o-u-g-h spell snuff,

Or does it simply spell snow?

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Our little Johnny's passed away,
His face we'll see no more;
What Johnny took for H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.—Ex.

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SODAS AND CONFECTIONS

Isn't it funny how hair grows on wood? How about it.

Olin?

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2308 TELEGRAPH

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* 2183 Shatuck Ave. * * 2193 Shatuck Avenue *
* Tel. Berkeley 4184 * * Berkeley *

A certain young man named Beebee
Wished to wed with a lady named Phoebe.
"But," said he, "I must see
What the clerical fee
Be before Phoebe be Phoebe.—Ex.

Mr. Lowell—Now if you will give the blackboard your attention, I'll run over it again.

* G. L. Schneider The *
* Optician *
* 2219 Shattuck Avenue :: :: Berkeley, Cal. *

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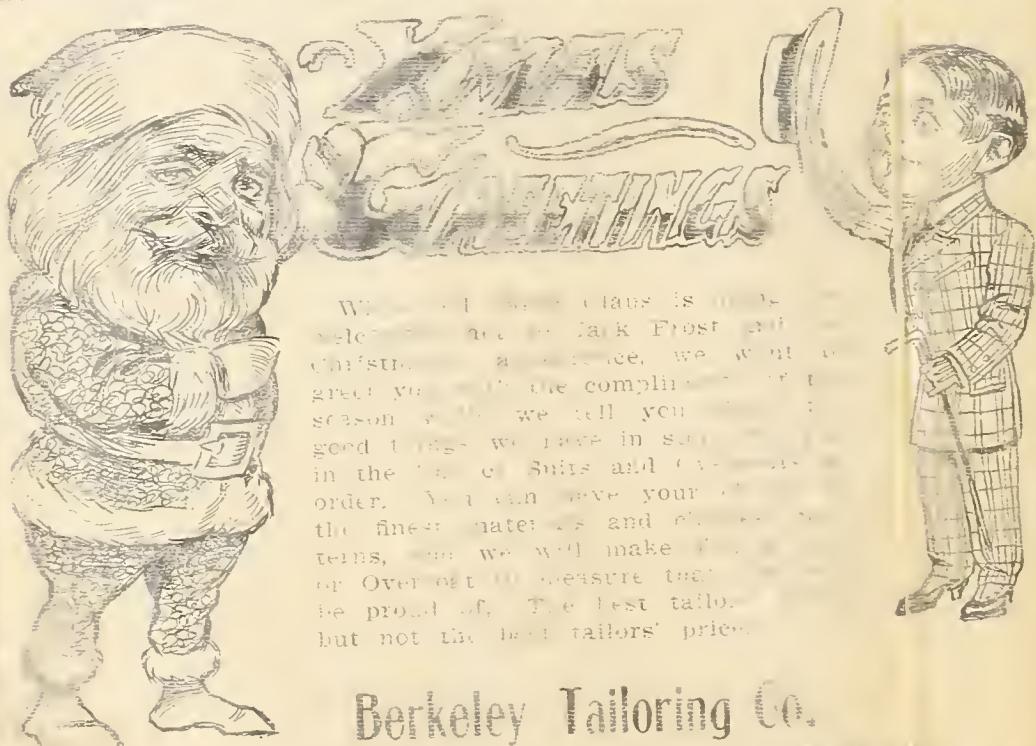
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